

# The Silent Worker

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THOMAS S. MARR

## The Deaf in the World of Business

By H. LORRAINE TRACY

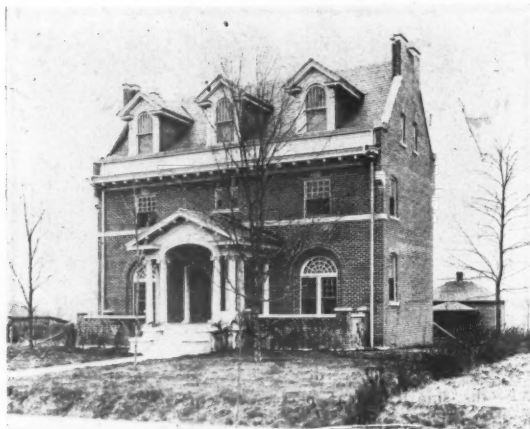
*Thomas S. Marr, Architect*

**A**RCHITECTURE would seem to be a profession peculiarly adaptable to a certain class of the deaf who have the aesthetic taste and the wherewithal to make a thorough study of it and last, but not least, the necessary backing of influential people who happen to have a good acquaintance with them and their families. Possessing all these and the stick-to-it-iveness and pep and the gumption of getting there—in other words, is a good mixer,—there ought to be no reason for such not to attain success.

These qualifications seem to have been attained to a remarkable degree by Thomas S. Marr, B. S., of Nashville, Tennessee, a graduate of the class of '89 of Gallaudet College, the class that was composed of the Rev. Clarence W. Charles, Dr. J. Schuyler Long, the late Rev. Harry VanAllen, the late Rev. Francis Maginn of Ireland, and Mr. H. McP. Hofstater of the

Alabama School for the Deaf. Upon finishing a course in the office of a prominent architect, Mr. Marr went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he spent one year most successfully. Having an eye for aesthetics and taking the best magazines dealing with architecture, Mr. Marr was not long in qualifying himself for his chosen profession.

When Mr. Marr put up his shingle and announced his readiness to help the good people of the capital city of Tennessee obtain the "city beautiful" he perhaps had to wait many a weary day for something to turn up. He was fortunate to take in an office boy who evinced a great liking for our friend and in some unaccountable way showed a strong leaning towards the profession, studying it when at leisure and assisting his employer in many a way to win his love and assistance in return. Not only this but the boy soon made a close study of the business world and was instrumental in securing business for the



Residence of Capt. H. A. Frazer of U. S. Army (Thomas S. Marr, Architect)

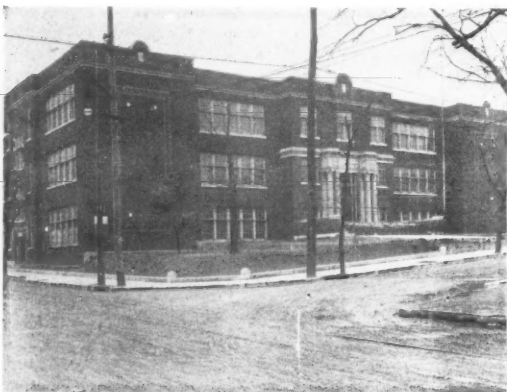


An English Residence

office on the seventh floor of the Stahlman Building. Naturally Mr. Marr wasn't slow to see there was much in the boy, who would, after proper training, be of great assistance to him, handicapped with deafness as he was, and always needing some one, who could hear, near him and some one who had the knack for grasping every opportunity. Thus was formed the firm of

being made on homes and stores after plans drawn by our friend.

Mr. Marr hasn't concentrated his attention upon any one line of his profession. Buildings, varied in number, have sprung up all over the city. Garages are now demanding the greater attention and next come apartment houses, the latest



Elliott Public School



Packard, Ford and Overland Garages

Marr and Holman. What is the result? Some of the biggest jobs in and around Nashville have been landed. One has only to take a look at the accompanying pictures of some of the recent buildings the firm has drawn and supervised. Not only have large structures had the attention of the firm. Everywhere the sound of hammers and saws has indicated alternations

being one erected by the firm which will be owned by it also—a three story structure with walls of tapestry brick, a structure having twelve apartments, each having a living room, sun parlor, kitchenette with Pullman breakfast room adjoining, and tiled bath. Hardwood floors extend throughout. The vestibule is of Georgia marble with white tile floor. The building is steam-



Chalmers and Maxwell Garage



Clifton Apartments for Business Women only

(Thomas S. Marr, Architect)





E. M. Bond Fire Proof Storage Warehouse

heated and provided with garbage incinerator and other modern conveniences. The living room in each apartment is equipped with a disappearing bed, which makes it into a bedroom at night. The sun parlor also contains one of these beds which makes it a sleeping porch. The kitchenette contains white enameled stoves and ice boxes, built-in ironing boards and laundry sinks. The breakfast rooms will be fitted with ivory breakfast room sets. The baths are conveniently located and modern in every way, including tiled-in tubs. Garages are erected in the rear for each apartment. The above description is here given especially to show how our friend attends to the minutest details when he plans anything substantial.

Not only in Nashville does the firm do business. It only recently landed a job for a large movie theatre at Chattanooga and is working on plans for one at Lebanon, Tenn. Besides, Mr. Marr has the contract to draw plans for several English residences to be erected in the new suburb, Belle Meade, of Nashville. He has just finished a magnificent shoe store for The Endicott-Johnson Shoe Company of New York, who have a chain of forty-five stores in the United States. So pleased has the firm been with the plans, Mr. Marr making no deviations from their wishes, that they want him to draw the plans for the store in Memphis and other places.

The firm of Marr and Holman belongs to the Rotary Club, the Chamber of Commerce, Society of Architects, and all other departments for the general uplift and standing of Nashville in the commercial world.

#### THE PORTRAIT

An Indian prince once came to the studio of Rossetti, the English painter, and begged him to paint for him a portrait of his father who was dead.

Rossetti said to the prince, "Have you a photograph of your father with you?"

"Why, no," answered the prince.

"Then how do you expect me to paint the portrait?" said the artist. "Why, I never saw your father! How would it be possible for me to paint his portrait without so much as a photograph to go by?"

"That is strange," said the prince. "You paint the pictures of the patriarchs and the saints, and you never saw them and have no photographs of them. Why, then, do you need one of my father's?"

Finally, after talking the matter over further, Rossetti consented to do his best, and it was arranged that the prince should return in a month to see the finished work.

He came at the appointed time and was ushered into the studio. The portrait had been placed on an easel and occupied a conspicuous position in the center of the room. Rossetti very proudly led the way to the picture.

The prince looked at the picture a moment and then buried his face in his hands in a passion of grief.

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed the artist, "Don't you like the portrait?"

"Oh," sobbed the prince, tears streaming down his face, "How father has changed!"—*Folta Review*.

## "Let Us Count Our Privileges, Not Our Afflictions"

**R**ECENTLY the people of Florida celebrated the 100th anniversary of the ceding of Florida from Spain at Tallahassee. I, being a Shriner, went to the carnival like the rest. I met a great many people. All of them were hearing people. It was rather strange that a deaf person should be one of the highest masons in Tallahassee, nevertheless it was a fact. Many of the Shriners commented upon it. Some of them said, they had never known a deaf shriner before. Others said, they did not see how I had got the degrees being deaf. Others said, that I was the smartest deaf person they had ever known. Still others, wondered how I managed to keep up with everything connected with the celebration of the acquisition of Florida from Spain. It was a grand sight. I understood it fairly well, because I was a mason and had been around long before I lost my hearing. I could have given the secret sighs of all the work from the first away up to the thirty-second without errors, for I had learned all these away back in Cuba. I failed to see how it was something unusual for a person who had lost his hearing to continue a mason, and keep his masonry up, instead of sinking to depths of despondency. I can not understand how a person losing his hearing wants pity. I can not understand how a person who becomes deaf, does not try and do as nearly the same thing as he or she was trained for. I can not understand how men and women, go into closets and bemoan the fact that they are deaf. I do not see any good that does them. I do see a great deal of harm. Had I gone into a closet and cried that I was deaf, I never would have been able to influence anyone in any way, for there is nothing that people hate so much as a timid fraidy-cats person. It is not right, but nevertheless almost every one has made comments about the person who was afraid of his or her shadow. In India a person will go several blocks to avoid a shadow, for if a shadow of a lower caste person falls on him, it is good bye to his caste forever. We have no caste like that in America, and thank God we have none. America is the cleanest, purest, best and most noble country in all the world. We may feel the pangs of injustice, we may feel like we have been slighted, but take it from me, that if we lived in India or some other country we would feel them far more. Where in all Christendom do you find a President who shakes hands with little kids, and tells the grown people like Warren G. Harding did the day he was at Fort Pierce? "If the children want to shake my hands, I want to shake theirs also. I would like the grown people to give the children a chance to come and talk with me." Where in all the world, do you see the big men, of the country, bending and helping the little people? Think of what the noble President did while at Fort Pierce. Think of the thousands, yea millions of other red blooded Americans who are doing similar things, and rejoice that you are living in the good old U. S. A., and not in India, where if your shadow fell upon another person, some one with a long butcher knife would want to take your life. We have in American statesmen, farmers, business men, the most godfearing men in all the world. We, deaf people, must count our blessings, and not our afflictions. If we forever think of our afflictions, we will be pushed aside by those who perhaps have greater afflictions than even being deaf, but who reign them in. Let us now think and think of our bounteous blessings, and how happy we ought to be under the good old Stars and Stripes, that flag that guarantees freedom, to even the humblest of all God's creatures.

B. YORKSTONE HOGG.

As the old darkey said: "A chicken am de mos' usefulest animule dere be. You can eat him befoah he am bohn an' aftah he am dead."

## RECONSTRUCTING CLEIDER RODMAN

By ALICE TERRY



T WAS a beautiful April morning. The night's rain which had been gentle and abundant added new life and vigor to everything that now exulted in the glowing sunshine of the new day. Many times before the high spirits of Irene Swinburne had gone forth to meet, to revel in the compelling influence of a day like this. This time the very air seemed filled with a newer freedom—as if mankind and nature had just escaped a tyrannical bondage and were having their initial thanksgiving. Irene walked along, her air of content being heightened by the girlish straw hat on her head, by the blue bird shade of her freshly starched dress, the immaculate white shoes on her feet, and by the gay pink and buff checkered market basket on her arm. "Lettuce, apples, oranges, nuts—for salad; rib-bone, carrots, rice, celery—" These items and others she turned over in her mind as she approached Wall and Wallen's, the corner grocery. Suddenly she stopped. An unusual sight met her eyes. In front of the store, just outside the door, a khaki clad figure, an ex-soldier of Uncle Sam, made a pathetic sight sitting on an empty bread box, his bowed head resting heavily between his hands. No one seemed to notice him, people and traffic rushed by, apparently he was alone in his misery. "His palms cover up his ears," observed Irene, in no hurry to move on, "he is shutting out the sounds—or perhaps, who knows, he may be like me—what if he is—" The khaki figure looked up, and Irene did not finish her surmising. Ladylike she moved on.

The next morning on her way to market she came again upon the forlorn-looking figure, seated as before on the empty bread box in front of Wall and Wallen's. This time his head drooped even lower than before. "He may be some friend of the firm," thought Irene, hesitating whether she should step into the store and inquire, for she did not like Max Wall, who in defiance of profiteering accusations had developed an acute snobbishness toward discriminating buyers, among whom was Irene, and she had sworn off dealing there. Being as yet a comparative stranger in the neighborhood of Normandie Junction she did not feel at liberty to inquire at random, nor did she feel it feasible to address the ex-soldier herself, fearing that it might result unduly in embarrassment, due to a physical handicap of her own, of which she became conscious only when meeting strangers. Again, unsatisfied like on the previous day, she passed him. A block farther up the street, at Crystal Market, she asked about him. But the clerks did not know, evidently they had not noticed him. Her basket was quite heavy. She walked on for some minutes before looking up—to see just ahead the dejected figure still there on the bread box. A floating cloud momentarily obscured the sun, which seemed to Irene to deepen the shadow and mystery about him. An idea occurred to her. She crossed the street over to the drug store to purchase a magazine whose bright cover heralded a feast of good things within. Then she walked up to the ex-soldier, gently nudged him and proffered the periodical. Cleider Rodman—such was his name—slowly disengaged his hands and looked up, first at the magazine, then at her. His smile reassured her, she smiled in return. His lips moved in speech. Irene said nothing. He persisted in talking. Irene placed her finger to her ear and shook her head negatively. "Oh, you are that way, too?" he peered at her, the while a curious expression came over his face. He was pleased; above all, he was surprised, greatly surprised. He saw that she was happy, which impressed him, nothing else mattered. To him she seemed secretly amused at her physical failing. His surprise and curiosity grew accordingly. "Do not speak to me, for I cannot understand," he said to her when her lips moved as if she, too, would talk that way to him.

This was no less a discovery for Irene than for the soldier.

She was equal to the situation; psychologically, they were in the same sphere—in that world where sound plays no part; she felt at home with him, as if she had always known him. She made a sign, pointing to him, to herself, then to her home down the thoroughfare, a little way off to the left. Opening her purse, she drew forth a snap shot of two children at play, she made him understand that she was their mother and that he must go with her and see them. She had not the least misgiving, she knew that her husband would welcome him—this hero, this fellow-sufferer.

"Our hero!" Irene exclaimed to Owen, her husband, "the brother that we have heard of, talked of, dreamed of. I found him at the corner and brought him home—to make him glad, O, Owen, as you and I are glad!" Cleider watched them, he did not know what they said, but they were good to look at, for they were happy, very happy. To him that suffered, nothing else mattered. "Hang it!" he muttered under his breath, "and folks told me that their method, the manual method of talking is impossible, obsolete, undesirable." He watched them, to become conscious of a gladness, a new hope dawning upon him.

Irene was right. The ex-soldier was, indeed, unhappy. For sometime he had wandered about aimlessly from place to place. He suffered a sense of helplessness, a woeful incompetency; often he was afraid of himself. If he looked ahead at all, it hurt still more for it presented visions of a bleak and barren future. Nothing suited him. The strange new world of silence—his deafness—into which an accident of war had forced him mystified, terrified him. It had been the wish of his family and friends that he rely upon lip-reading in communication with others. For a year he had tried it, only to find that in his case (ah, how individuals must differ) it did not work. The familiar sound of the encouraging voice was not there; to watch the hushed motions of the lips, to be in doubt and always guessing, guessing was too much for his sensitive organism. He grew nervous and impatient. Somehow, he had a vague idea of something easier. He got a dictionary and found the manual alphabet. He showed that to his friends and said, "I think this will suit me, let's learn it." They were not inclined to sympathize, they would not listen to him, for they said, "Lip-reading is the only way—you must never give up." This was not the first time that they had thus cruelly spoken, denying him his innate wish. He felt more and more that they, his friends, were assuming toward him the role of supermen, with him, a deaf man, a mere dependent, to be dictated to at will. Finally, he could stand it no longer, he chose the last initiative of the free man—he fled.

For the first time now since the day he had returned from overseas disabled for further military service—since he had met Irene and Owen—he lost his sense of void, of oppression. He was free. After all, the boundaries of his terrible new world were not so small; he was going to expand, now that he had room to expand in. How could he feel otherwise? in that congenial company of others like himself who were happy, busy and independent. How pleasant and substantial their home, he thought, how tempting and appetizing their first meal together; above all, what dear children they had. "No, you shall rest first," they told him when he showed too great a hurry to tell them everything. Communication by writing was slow. In his haste and sheer delight Cleider turned to the children to pour out his heart to them. "Come now, brother," they said, drawing him away, and showing him his bath and clean clothes and the bright sunny room where he was to take his prescribed rest.

"Do you think we are making a mistake taking this stranger into our home?" Irene's husband asked her.

"No!" said Irene, sure of her course, "we are going to re-

construct him, it is our duty to do so, if we don't, who will? He prefers us, didn't he say so?"

Nothing daunted Irene. People who did not know her might have pitied her because she was deaf, but had they known of innate happiness, her ready adaptability to make others happy, their pity must have turned into admiration or possibly envy.

One by one Cleider's fear, real or imaginary, fell away. Each morning he awoke in better health and spirits. The closer he observed his host and hostess and their simple efficient way of doing things the more could he appreciate them and the silent road that he too must travel. After a week he felt so far restored bodily and mentally that he insisted on going to work with Owen. "No, not yet brother, you stay here and rest longer, presently I shall ask the boss to find a place for you." "Rest—oh, you mean my lessons!" Cleider laughed jovially. He had already learned the manual alphabet. Now he was learning a quicker way of expressing his thoughts and feelings, by the conventional sign language. He was surprised how graphically one could express himself in this manner. English interpreted nicely into signs, and signs interpreted nicely into English. Each had its idioms, its peculiarities, always an infinite source of gain and pleasure, as he was to find out later.

"This would do nicely for the universal language," he said to Irene.

"Yes," she agreed, "but people are prejudiced and will not listen." The ex-soldier frowned, he said thoughtfully, "This is what the dough boys needed in France; it would have saved us time and vexation of spirit, it would have spared us ludicrous situations."

"For instance, in ordering eggs, had we known signs like these, we would have been spared the humiliating process of crowing like roosters."

"What is *coffee*?"

"That is capital," he said, as he imitated her act of placing the right fist over the left and making the motion of grinding.

"And what is milk?" Holding her fists upright in front of her she made the motion of milking a cow. Cleider laughed, and there was tonic in the laughter.

"These simple signs we needed badly," he said again.

"How do you sign *fish* and *cheese*?"

"That is so realistic," he said, after she had shown him, and he blushed as he recalled the stupidity of the boys when they needed only such simple gestures as these.

"The French were more clever—they were more adept at signs," he told her.

"Yes," assented Irene, "our sign language originated there, in France many, many years ago."

"The great-hearted French, bless them," he said reverently, "they know art, art in all her forms—and they are not ashamed of it."

In this way time passed, the lessons proceeding with ever recurring pleasure and interest for the ex-soldier. In a social way he had all that he desired. When he spoke orally the children and the neighbors were his eager listeners, always finding him thoroughly entertaining. But sound was out of his life forever, and to be psychologically true to himself he preferred the companionship, the spontaneous sympathy, and the congeniality of those who likewise lived in the same still world. When they came to the sign for *love* Irene crossed her open palms over her heart, she looked at him reproachfully, to say, "Cleider, you have not yet told us about your mother, where is she?"

"She is in Philadelphia," he spelled on his fingers, the while his face was grave.

"You must write to her," Irene insisted, "think how she must worry over your long absence and silence."

"Not yet," he said, "she would not understand." Four months had passed since he had wandered away, in which time he had neither sent nor received word from home. He had not, however, intended to keep his mother waiting indefinitely.

"Tonight we are going to our club," they told him one evening, "and we shall take you." Then they told him about it, and of the many friends who awaited him there. Cleider received this information thoughtfully, he did not appear anxious to go. "Oh, you are not ready for them yet," his host remarked, noting his embarrassment, "by and by you shall know them and feel at home with them." Sufficient unto his starved soul was the company of Irene and Owen; he had grown jealous of their very comradeship, and was loathe that others should share their joys.

The way to club life finally opened, after many of its interesting people had met him at the Swinburne's. "Our hero," they called him, which he promptly resented. One year in the army, then a year's struggle against odds, without success, was not guarantee of a hero, he told them. "Rather are you—you who all your lives have fought and won against terrible handicaps—rather are you the heroes." Nevertheless, in their hearts he remained then and always their *hero*.

To Cleider nothing lessened the inconvenience of deafness, nothing gave him more courage to face the world again than some of the aids in the form of signalling devices in the Swinburne household, devices which answered for closed ears. For instance, a ring on the door bell was announced by the simultaneous lighting of an electric bulb over a door somewhere else in plain view of the occupants of the house. At five-thirty each morning Owen was awakened by the fall of a stick upon his pillow at the first sound of the alarm clock. To no other parents were children such a reliance and aid. Even the pets about the place, the dog and cat, had nearly become aware of the circumstances, to develop into creatures of service to their master and mistress. Everything else about the place seemed peculiarly tuned to their needs; the position of trees, shrubs and flowers in the yard; to them the windows were more than mere look-outs, for an unusual sight or movement outside led often to an investigation which proved timely, preventing loss or trouble. It was something which other people depending solely upon their ears missed entirely.

"The brightness of leaf and flower—it is eloquent music to us," Irene told Cleider. She held up a crimson rose, and said, "Whose cheek does it match?" He blushed, for he thought instantly of pretty Rebecca Hiles whom he had lately met and fallen in love with. From the first she had proven his chief attraction at the club. She was so much like Irene in womanly qualities; she was young, trusting, and entirely unsophisticated. During the war she had worked unceasingly for the Red Cross; she could not remember how many pairs of socks she had knit, she had worked too fast for count. She had watched the boys muster out for service; she had gazed silently on, admiring them, and envying other girls who had sweethearts, or brothers, or husbands to give, while she had no one to give. "As long as I live the sight of those brave boys shall be my source of worship," she vowed to herself. It was in lieu of one to claim for her own that she had thrown herself whole-heartedly into the task of ministering to their comfort. Never did she dream that one of those brave boys—Cleider Rodman—would come back to her, to love her and make her happy to the end of her days.

The ex-soldier soon proved his fitness to work. Each morning he went with Owen to the composing rooms of The Daily Herald. He had always had a liking for printing; years ago he dreamed of a time when he could venture into a publishing business of his own. His father, however, had different plans for him, early persuading him to take up the study of law. Now that he was back to his first love, printing, with promise of promotion, he felt free indeed; his reconstruction, his complete restoration to usefulness was assured. He watched Owen's skill on the linotype, and determined that he would learn that too.

Several months passed. Life looked good to Cleider Rodman; he was thankful to be alive, thankful again for the privilege of citizenship, above all he was thankful for winsome Rebecca



Hiles. He thought again of his mother, he thought no longer in terms of misunderstanding, but in a loving desire to see her again. "Rebecca, I shall leave you for a little while," he said one evening, "I am going to see my mother."

As he expected, his mother pleaded with him to remain with her. "No, no," he said, "I must go back to the place where I have been happy and useful, I must go back to her."

"To her—who?" gasped his mother.

He told her of Rebecca, of Owen and Irene, of their club and his many friends. But it was hard for her to comprehend; she still loved her boy, she felt that through his silent associates she was losing him. She felt that way—she could not feel other-

wise, for she did not understand. Feeling dutifully bound, Cleider stayed with her longer than he had intended which filled Rebecca with apprehension. "He is not coming back," she said to Irene, tearfully.

"Yes, he is coming back, don't worry, he will be here presently."

Irene was older, she knew men, she knew that nothing could dissuade a good man from the object of his devotion.

Not until two years later Cleider's mother visited him and Rebecca in their comfortable home did she finally see and appreciate the circumstances which led up to her son's complete restoration and happiness.

## Five Million Still Starving In China

*Written Specially for the Silent Worker by Mr. Niederhauser, who  
has lived twelve years in Northern China*



Seething masses of humanity, desperate with hunger, crying for food outside a supply station in the famine region of North China. If there's food enough all may be fed, but if the supply is limited it must be carefully portioned out to those best able to work for China in the future.



IN AN area 100,000 miles in extent, covering a large part of five of the populous provinces of North China, millions of people this year are starving, because of the lack of rainfall and the consequent failure of crops in that section for three successive seasons.

For the relief of these starving hordes, the President of the United States in December appointed the American Committee for China Famine Fund, which has its headquarters in Bible House, New York, from which all donations, large or small, for the relief of the sufferings of the starving Chinese, are transmitted with all speed to the relief centers of China.

The efforts of this committee, in combination with all other relief agencies in America, China, and other lands, have succeeded to date in giving a measure of relief to some millions of those in the famine district. There still remain, it is estimated, more than five million others to whom no assistance has been given, for whom none is at present in sight, and who will starve before the time of harvest unless aid reaches them.

It is difficult for the people of prosperous, well-fed America to imagine a condition of complete destitution, such as that prevailing in the affected Chinese provinces—Shantung, Chihli, Shensi, Shansi, and Honan—but travelers returning from the

famine provinces, missionaries and other relief workers, have brought back pictures of horror sufficient to impress the least imaginative.

Although naturally a sturdy and self-dependent people, the inhabitants of North China have been reduced to almost unbelievable want. Literally, they have found it necessary to sell all that they had, not to "give it to the poor," for none are now poorer than they, but to buy a minimum of food for themselves and their starving families.

Practically all of the people of the famine regions being farmers, the first and most obvious salable possessions were their farming implements and domestic animals. Next followed the land, which, with 80 per cent of them, had been owned for generations by the families tilling it. Clothing and bedding went next, and such simple articles of furniture as are to be found in a Chinese peasant home.

With the advance of winter, food was much more difficult to obtain, even had the people had the money to buy it, and thousands upon thousands of the once prosperous farmers were reduced to the necessity of living upon roots, the bark of trees, the nubbins of underdeveloped corn, and even leaves, grass, and thistles. Freezing was added to the distress of starvation and the people began to tear down their houses for fuel, and



#### WHERE MILLIONS FACE DEATH BY STARVATION

Map showing the area in Northern China affected by the famine. The region indicated in black is the center of the most severe suffering; the adjacent lined portions represent territory affected, but not quite so seriously. A striking comparison of the extent of the famine region with points of distance in America is had when the relative positions of New York, Chicago and Savannah are marked on the map of China, as has been done on the above. The provinces in the famine zone are Chihli, Shensi, Shansi, Honan, and Shantung. Relief grain for the sufferers is obtained in Manchuria, in the region above Harbin, and is taken down the railroad to Mukden, and thence, also by rail, to Tientsin and then by rail, or boat or coolie carrier to the district for which it is intended. The city of Kalgan, just below where "Chicago" is indicated on the map, is just inside the northern stretches of the Great Wall of China. It was here that a thousand famine refugees died of hunger and exposure in one night, while fleeing northward toward Manchuria.

after tearing them away, a room at a time, to hollow out caves or holes in the ground for shelter from the cold.

Unable to eke out an existence in this miserable fashion, many of the sturdier and more adventurous began to migrate to the cities and other populous centers in search of food or the means of subsistence. Many died by the wayside, many sold their children for a few dollars or even smaller sums, as the only means of saving them from starvation, and at the same time of obtaining money to buy food for the rest of the family to continue the journey. Refugee camps, in which many thousands of these emigrants have congregated and where they have been fed and allowed to construct temporary dwellings, have been established in various parts of the famine region. Outside the walls of Tientsin 30,000 refugees are living in what has been graphically described as "a city of mud huts." Owing to the dangers from greater congestion, the city authorities of



#### MOTHERHOOD IS HARD, WHEN BABIES WITHER FROM HUNGER.

The most pathetic feature of the famine is the untold misery of the little ones, whose parents are powerless to help them. In many cases mothers have thrown their children into wells, to quickly end their suffering. American help can save the situation.

Tientsin caused a high mud wall to be erected about this great refugee camp, when the number of its inhabitants reached thirty thousand.

Owing to the difficulties of transportation, the inadequacy of funds and supplies, relief work at best is incomplete. Missionaries in many sections have been faced with the terrible necessity of choosing from among the hosts of sufferers those who seemed most worth saving for the work they could do in the future. The aged and infirm, those whose condition would cry out most piteously for succor, must be allowed to die that



#### STARVING FAMINE VICTIMS GLAD TO GET FOOD OF CATTLE.

In more favored lands, food such as shown in this photograph is thought of only in connection with cattle, but the starving human beings of Northern China are glad to mix even chaff with dried leaves for their daily portion. This picture was taken in a camp near a food distributing station, to which refugees came before the famine stricken provinces were cut off by armed troops. This photograph is one of the first to be received from the famine district.

the young and strong may be fed and preserved for the future rehabilitation of the land.

Wherever practicable at the relief stations arrangements have been made to have the famine sufferers work for the food they receive. Hair net factories have been established for the sake of giving employment to the women. The Red Cross has pro-



NO FOOD, NO FUEL, NO HOMES; NEAR THE END. Everything gone, these famine victims of northern China are existing in huts, that under normal conditions would not be fit for the beasts of the fields. They await starvation, or relief. They can no longer help themselves, for there is no food to be gleaned from the barren ground, and no one to give them work.

vided work for thousands of men in improving the roadways. Schools for the children of refugees and the more destitute families have been established in some relief centers.

But the most that has been done is only a beginning. Those to whom a modicum of assistance has been given must continue to be fed, and every effort must be made to reach those millions of other terribly destitute ones to whom no help has been given. With the coming of warmer weather, while the danger of starvation and freezing will be less, the perils from disease, not only to the famine victims, but to relief workers as well, must be many times greater.

It is chiefly to America that the sorrowing masses of Chinese

must look for relief from this more appalling disaster. This is but natural in view of America's traditional friendship for China, and this country's substantial prosperity. The poorest in America is rich compared with the destitute millions in North China.

Of all the means devised in this country of raising money for the relief of the famine sufferers, none is proving more effectual than the distribution of China Life Saving stamps, which are sold for three cents apiece—the amount, which, it is estimated, will prolong the life of a man, woman, or child in China for a day. These little ornamental stickers for the backs of letters are designed in yellow and black and picture an old Chinese

woman holding forth an empty bowl. Beneath the picture in Chinese characters is the motto, "Please help," and the caption, "3 cent saves a life for a day."

There are few people in America, of course, who will be content to feel that their part in the China life saving campaign ends with merely prolonging one life for one day. Yet most of us who can help starving China in no other way, can resolve to let no letter go through the mail unadorned with one of these little seals, which will remind everybody who sees the letter that he is his brother's keeper, and that his obligation to millions of his brothers on the other side of the world is urgent and must be discharged without delay.

## ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

By ANNIE LOUISE DWIGHT



SARA MERTON dropped wearily into the most comfortable chair in her cozy room and closed her eyes. Here, at last, she could relax. No longer was there need to keep her official cheerful expression. Here there was none to see her. All day it was different. As secretary to Henry Baxter, Vice-President of the Wilson and Baxter Lumber Company, she must, of necessity, appear cheerful. As she closed her eyes, she thought of the numerous details of her hard day's work. There had been that huge pile of letters to answer, hours of dictation, pages of notes to transcribe. She remembered vividly each detail of her work. She could have reproduced practically every letter written.

In this mood she recalled the few words Mr. Baxter had addressed directly to her. There was the time he had asked if she desired the window opened. Then the time he had inquired kindly, "Tired?" Once he had suggested that she take a short walk for a breath of fresh air. Her cheeks had grown hot, she remembered. It was so unusual for him to be personal. She wondered if he thought she did not get enough fresh air at home. She laughed now. The idea. Her hobby was open windows. But she was tired. No doubt it was the coming of spring, already heralded by the first daffodils. She had seen some that morning in a garden on her way to work.

Dreaming of daffodils, Sara mechanically took up a large seed catalogue from the table by her side and began to turn the leaves idly. Soon her attention was arrested by a full page in colors illustrating a wonderful flower bed with numbers of gorgeous blossoms. She sighed and impulsively stroked the picture. "Oh," she half whispered, "to have flowers like that!"

Flowers were the most wonderful things in the world to Sara and it grieved her not to have even one foot of ground on which to grow so much as a rosebush. Her potted plants had not thrived in the steam heat of her room. As she turned the pages, she thought of the flower garden at her old home. Her brother Billy and his wife were there now; but the beloved flower garden was a sad wreck. Weeds flourished where her mother and her grandmother had grown flowers.

Billy and Sara's parents had died when the children were small and their grandmother had taken care of them. Soon after her death, Billy had married Mazie Purvis, a frivolous, extravagant little scatterbrain, whose chief aim in life was to be what she called "well dressed." Sara had not approved of her brother's marriage and had immediately gone to Birchton where she secured work with the Wilson and Baxter Lumber Company. Her pleasing personality and efficiency had made promotion sure and a few years later she had been made secretary to the vice-president.

Sara seldom visited the old home, tho she still dreamed of the wonderful flower garden. Her grandmother had adored such so-called common plants as zinnias, marigold and cockscomb. Two years ago, Sara had spent her vacation with

Billy and Mazie, but the wreck of the beautiful old flower garden had been too much for her.

"Why on earth," she had exclaimed when she saw the chickens scratching up the violets and the weeds taking possession of the whole garden, "Why on earth, Mazie, don't you shut the gate and keep the chickens out? And I do think you might have the garden weeded once or twice a year."

Mazie had retorted that she did not have time to bother with those old-fashioned things and that she thought Billy had better plow up the whole place and plant clover there. It would make a nice place to graze the pigs.

Then Sara's wrath had exploded and she told her brother's wife just what she thought of such a proposition. Relations were somewhat strained after that, so the next summer Sara had made arrangements to spend her vacation in a camp.

Now it was spring again and Sara wanted a garden. She longed for it as she had not longed for anything else. She thought dreamily of the way she would lay out the beds. There should be trellises of morning-glories and Dorothy Perkins roses; borders of alyssum and candytuft; whole masses of phlox and poppies; a choice bed of asters and another of gorgeous chrysanthemums; she would have tall hollyhocks and giant nasturtiums; she would not forget dusty miller and canterbury bells; and, yes, she would even have bachelor's button and sun-flowers. Thus she dreamed, and as she dreamed, she dozed.

Later she was startled to hear the bell ring and to find that there was a special delivery letter from Billy. The note was hastily scrawled with pencil and was all but illegible. Mazie, he wrote, had tripped in going down the steps and had seriously injured her back. The doctor thought it would be months before she could walk again, if she ever did. A neighbor was staying with her for a few days but it was urgently necessary for him to get some reliable woman to take charge of the house and look after Mazie. Did Sara know of a woman who would be willing to come? He wanted a woman strong enough to do the house-work with the aid of the colored girl they had and one intelligent enough to take care of Mazie. He had racked his brain and could think of no one.

Sara gazed long at the letter, trying to think. There was no one she knew who would be willing to go to the country. The work would be hard and Mazie irritable. She decided to ask her laundress if she could find someone. Then she thought of Mazie. No wonder she had fallen. The only wonder was that she had not broken her neck years ago. She insisted on wearing those ridiculous high heels. Imagine French heels on a farm! Too bad that dear old Billy had been so foolish as to marry such a woman. There had been plenty of nice-sensible girls among their acquaintances; but sensible girls are often a drug on the market. Sara reminded herself somewhat bitterly. Well, she would try to endure two weeks of the place when her vacation came. For Billy's sake, she would go and see what she could do to lighten his burden. She must



write at once and tell him how sorry she was and that she would try to find a good woman to help him.

Poor Billy! And poor, foolish Mazie! How horrible it must be to be helpless to lie in bed day after day with nothing to do but read the morning paper, to remember all the pleasant rides and trips she used to enjoy, and to think that, perhaps, she would never even walk again. Sara thought of her own sturdy strength and shuddered. Being blessed with perfect health and an abundance of energy, she found it particularly hard to visualize a perfectly helpless woman. Still, she thought, how horrible it must be to lie in bed week after week, or may be year after year. Thus thinking, she got out her writing materials and began her letter to Billy. Somehow the right words did not come. She began with well chosen words of sympathy and they seemed flat and unsympathetic; cold and heartless. She threw aside the paper and tried again with no better result.

Finally, Sara stopped and thought of all the days she and Billy had lived together in that same little farm house when their grandmother had been with them. They were happy days. She remembered the days they had gone berrying together; the hen nests they had found; the games of hide they had played; the fat old horse they had driven; the countless times they had waded in the brook; the loving care they had helped their grandmother lavish on the flower garden. Poor Billy! She gave up the attempt to write and went to bed, but she could not sleep. Hours later she dozed fitfully and dreamed that she was lying helpless in bed and Mazie and Billy were jeering at her. The whole world of outdoors with millions of beautiful growing things was just beyond the windows but she could see only blank walls and bare floors. The birds sang and she could not hear them; the wind rustled the trees and she could see them move; the water from the near-by brook tinkled merrily, saying, "Come, feel how cool I am," but she could not go. She could not move. Her back was broken.

With a start, Sara jumped up and turned on the light. Then she reached for Billy's letter and read it over again. Poor Billy. He was in such trouble and there was no one to help him, unless—but of course she could not go. There was her work—she was just beginning to taste success—and the salary. Then Mr. Baxter was such a fine man to work for, always considerate. It would be hard to leave her friends in town. There were many attractions. She loved the theatre. And yet, poor Billy—poor Mazie! To be lying helpless hour after hour. She must try to get a good woman. Billy was her only living relative and he was such a dear brother, and Mazie was his wife. Should any hired woman take the place of someone who loved them? Should she go? It was unthinkable. Impossible! And yet—finally she snatched up a sheet of paper and wrote: "Coming. Afternoon train." She would wire it early in the morning as she went to work. Then she turned out the light, crawled into bed and slept the sleep of the just until the alarm clock called her at her usual hour.

As she thought over her decision the next morning, Sara Merton did not regret it. She felt a strange sense of exaltation. She was going home. Really home. She would make up to Bill the things his unfortunate marriage had caused him to miss. She would keep the house as grandmother had kept it, and the chickens, and the yard. Then for the first time she thought of the flower garden and her face grew radiant. The whole garden for her own. How wonderful it would be!

Later, at the office, when Henry Baxter came in, Sara had her desk in order and went straight to the point of telling him that she was leaving that afternoon.

"Miss Merton, I don't see how we can let you go, and at an hour's notice too. Is there anything we can do to induce you to stay?"

"I don't see how I can stay," she returned frankly, "Billy needs me. I must go."

"But surely someone else could do the work at your brother's home. I am sure he would be the last one to wish you to give

up your work and go to that little out-of-the-way place. You owe something to yourself."

Sara shook her head. "I have decided," she answered and he knew that further words were useless.

"I shall miss you," he said simply, "I have grown so used to seeing you here. It is hard to believe you are leaving."

There was something so sincere in his voice and eyes that Sara felt she was leaving a real friend. She hesitated for a reply and he went on quietly, as if weighing his words, "It isn't so far to Plainsfield, is it? Couldn't I run down some week-end and see how you are getting on? And, perhaps, induce you to come back."

Before Sara could reply, they were interrupted; but she left the office with "I shall miss you" echoing softly in her heart.

Later, the vice-president of the Wilson and Baxter Lumber Company sat in his office and thought of Sara.

"Funny," he said to himself, "I never noticed before what a pretty girl she is. That brown hair, now, and her eyes—mighty nice girl—plucky, too. Let's see, she said her brother lives in Plainsfield. That's on the L. & G. road. I'll run down soon."

As Henry Baxter thus mused, Sara Merton, having settled herself comfortably in the parlor car of the 4.15 express, turned the pages of a large seed catalogue carefully, with pencil poised to mark desired flowers. She glanced idly at the list of herbs and suddenly the word "Rosemary" seemed to leap out of the page to meet her eye. "Oh," she said, "I must get some of that." "Rosemary, that's for remembrance," she quoted.

Then she seemed to hear a slow voice saying "I shall miss you." A faint pink came to her cheeks, a warm glow to her heart, and she made a mark by the little picture in the catalogue.

## Making and Marring

(Lecture from Mrs. Florence Fullings Hopper Society of the girls)

A thoughtful student of the out of doors calls attention to the fact that the wind, when it has for a tool some such dead mineral substance as sand, becomes a destructive force chiseling away little by little man's proudest monuments and playing havoc with his most enduring works, but when the wind carries on its wings a living germ as the seed of some plant or flowers, immediately it becomes a great constructive agency and under its touch the desert is transformed into a garden. The wilderness blossoms with new shapes of life and beauty. How like the winds are the forces every human life releases, when these forces that are laden with selfishness and sin, they menace the very foundations of human happiness and chisel away our finest ideal and noblest purpose, but when they carry love, forgiveness, purity, truthfulness, patience, they become constructive forces that make spiritual deserts bloom and flowers of gratitude to spring up along every main pathway. God's rainbow promise of day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest has kept this old world blossoming through all the centuries. Who would sow if there were no assurance of reaping, who would prepare for changing seasons if there were no certainty of their coming? The most ignorant and the most unbelieving rely in all their plans and efforts upon the stability of the laws that govern the universe, but the same God who made the laws also made the promises. Do not tell people to be cheerful, tell them something to make them cheerful. We all are news gatherers in one way or another, the chief difference lies in what we gather, the world is full of interesting information, items of good news and pleasant prospects and it is just as easy to collect these for distribution as to glean only what is doleful and disheartening. Material for cheerfulness is good stock to carry with us.

You serve your own interest best by serving the customer's interest first.

# THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. HOWSON

**T**HE eastern visitor cannot understand the climate of that portion of California in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay, or the bay region as it is commonly referred to. The fogs which frequently roll in from the ocean, bring with them considerable humidity and they are accompanied by breezes, which seem to the easterner to increase the penetrating qualities of the fogs. To the acclimated native son these fogs and ocean breezes do but add zest to the climate and are always a welcome relief to the summer heat in the valleys.

Los Angeles is some four hundred miles south of San Francisco as the crow flies. The difference in climate is not so great as the distance would imply, but nevertheless, it is perceptibly warmer in the southern city, much too warm for the San Franciscan, who considers the climate down there enervating. As one proceeds south from San Francisco, following the coastal plains, the thermometer rises in general by slow degrees, several points for each hundred miles or so. Strange to say, after one has traversed something over three hundred miles, or four hundred by rail, and is within less than a hundred miles from Los Angeles, he runs into a region which is favored with a climate not unlike that of the San Francisco bay district.

This is the territory to the south of Santa Barbara. Here lies an extensive region between the Coast Range mountains and the sea. The soil is a sandy loam. Rainfall is scant. To the original holders of the land under Mexican grants, the location seemed nearly worthless. Much of the land was sold for as little as a dollar an acre. The new locators set about finding a crop suitable to the soil and its locality. The result of many years of patient endeavor and many discouragements was the world's greatest lima bean district. The soil was found to be remarkably well suited to the growing of lima beans and the fog which rolled in from the ocean, supplemented by water from wells running hundreds of feet into the earth, furnished the necessary moisture. The fog is an important adjunct to the growth of the bean, as years of low fog recordings correspond with poor yield in the beans.

These bean farmers, whose holdings were chiefly in Ventura County, were a progressive type. They left nothing that might be of benefit to their lands untried. The experiences of other bean growing countries, the researches of our universities and agricultural experimental stations were never overlooked. Twenty years ago, at the beginning of the present century, this district was beginning to come into its own.

It was at this time that Mayhew Norton, then a youth of 19 and just graduated from the Berkeley school, journeyed south to take charge of a tract of land left him by his grandparents.

It was a small amount of land, a few dozen acres, but his uncle who lived not far distant, was an experienced grower of beans. With him the boy went to live and under his instruction labored faithfully for several years. Then feeling competent to embark upon farming himself, Mr. Norton moved over to the little cottage that was on his place. He also at the same time embarked upon the sea of matrimony. Things were rather upside down in that little house, because instead of being beneath you, the sea seemed rather to be above. When I visited the place shortly after, we put pails on the floor, to collect that portion of the rainwater, which succeeded in forcing its way through the roof. To obtain a peaceful night's repose,

one located a dry spot on the floor and pushed the bed over it. Things are rather different now, and instead of meeting you at the station with his heavy farm wagon, Mr. Norton brings you home in his Winton Six, and the station instead of being the little cross-road town of Montalvo, half a mile away, may be in Los Angeles, for what is sixty-five miles over smooth concrete highways.

The early years of Mr. Norton's career as a farmer were undeniably hard. But he attended strictly to his calling and success followed closely and persistently in his footsteps. That obnoxious weed, the morning glory, he followed to its nethermost root, drowning it out with distillate and planting a red flag on the spot to make sure that it did not again rear its head. His pumping plant, he modernized and greatly increased in capacity. He enlarged his holdings, carefully cultivated a walnut orchard and set out more trees. He corresponded with the state university and attended farmers institutes and other gatherings of men interested in agricul-



MAYHEW NORTON

Agriculturist

Mr. Norton is one of the leading farmers of Ventura County, a district famous the world over for the excellence of its walnuts and lima beans.

tural pursuits. He experimented in newly introduced fruits growing on his place. Notably amongst the latter are avonickados or alligator pears, which sell in the market at fifty cents to a dollar apiece. The mainstay of his ranch, however, are his Diamond Brand Walnuts and California Seaside Lima Beans.

Mr. Norton married Margaret Genung, also a graduate of the Berkeley school, and they have an interesting family of three children. Through the inspiration of his wife, who is of artistic French parentage, Mr. Norton has erected a home on the farm that rivals the best appointed city residences. A furnace in the basement heats the house. Modern vacuum cleaning appliances are attached to all the rooms, the dust being drawn to the basement to be consumed in the furnace. All modern electrical appliances are provided, the kitchen range being an electric stove. Hot water is available at all hours through the solar heating equipment situated on the roof of the house. This has sufficient capacity to provide hot water for three baths, and if at any time the supply of

hot water should be depleted, one and a half hours of sunshine suffice to renew it. Large storage tanks receive the run-off rain water from the roofs and septic tanks beneath the house purify waste-waters and allow them to be used for irrigation. The eleven rooms in the house are large and commodious. Besides guest rooms, there are what few farm houses



MRS. MAYHEW NORTON AND HER CHILDREN  
To the left is Marion, on the right is Theda. The boy is Gerrish.

have, a sewing room and a library. The library is well stocked with books and in order that Mr. Norton may keep step with the most recent developments in his line of farming, leading agricultural papers and magazines are subscribed to.

Mr. Norton is a keen sportsman. He visits the almost uninhabited Santa Barbara islands, some miles off the coast, in quest of wild game and fishing. Almost yearly, he goes by auto into the Sierras on pleasure and hunting expeditions. Mr. and Mrs. Norton frequently spend the week end in Los Angeles and it is not of record that Mr. Norton ever passed up a ball game while in town. Circumstances have undeniably favored Mr. Norton in his calling, but it must be recorded that he never let a favorable turn in his direction pass by unnoticed. Seizing every opportunity, equipping himself to the utmost, ever diligent, and always alive to the advancement of his profession, his career should be an inspiration and beacon light to other deaf boys, who may be standing on the threshold of life and to whom farming holds out a beckoning hand.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

An unusually large number of bills relative to the education of the deaf are before the present state legislature. There are no less than six retirement fund bills, which if passed would affect teachers of the deaf in one way or the other. As the law at present stands all teachers in the public school system are entitled to a pension of \$500 a year, after thirty years of service.



THE NORTON FARMHOUSE DE LUXE  
The eleven commodious rooms of this house are delightfully furnished. The walls are panelled and frescoed in the latest designs. It is an electrical house, the kitchen range, cooking utensils, laundry appliances, and vacuum cleaning machinery being operated electrically. Water may be heated either electrically or by the solar heating attachment located upon the roof of the house.

Fifteen years of this service may have been spent in states other than California, but it is required that the last ten years shall have been devoted to teaching in this state. Teachers in the state school for the deaf and the blind fall under this bill, but as they have only recently applied for certificates to teach, it has been ruled that the pensions in their case do not become operative until ten years after the granting of certificates. The object of one of the bills is to make the operation of the pension immediate in the case of teachers in the state school who have seen thirty years of service. The justice of this will be apparent when it is considered that several teachers have finished the requisite number of years and have already reached the age of three score and ten. To require them to teach an additional ten years is almost a physical impossibility and there is a clause in the pension law which forbids the granting of pensions after withdrawing from the profession. Other retirement fund bills would raise the pension from \$500 to \$700 yearly.

Three bills calling for separation of the schools for the deaf and the blind have been presented to the legislature. One of these bills has been introduced by the Board of Directors of the school, the other two coming from different associations of the blind. The bill presented by the school provides for the purchase of a suitable site within the state for the location of a school for the blind, for the erection thereon of the necessary school buildings, and for the turning over from the present school such funds, supplies and equipment as are at present a part of the blind department of the school. The bills for separation introduced by the blind are somewhat similar to the bill introduced by the school board, except that one of the bills provides for the division of the present school grounds and the erection of the buildings for the blind on a portion of the grounds



ANOTHER VIEW OF FARMHOUSE

now allotted jointly to the deaf and the blind. This is hardly a suitable procedure. The site for the present schools for the deaf and the blind was chosen more than half a century ago, when there were very few blind children in attendance. Consequently the needs of the deaf were chiefly consulted. Very little of the school land is level, in fact a large part of the 130 acres is hilly. It is not at all suited to blind children. Furthermore the buildings were erected to meet the needs of the deaf, with much less consideration for the blind. The latter needs an entirely new structure and much special equipment. The old buildings cannot be altered to meet the requirements of the blind and as they are so situated on the site as to command all harmonious architectural features, new buildings cannot be erected apart from them without spoiling the symmetrical effects. The frontal gardens of the school comprise about ten acres. This land has a market value of close to fifty thousand dollars an acre, and it might be detached from the rest of the school and sold, but it would be a most serious blunder from purely æsthetic reasons and also it is not the policy of the state of California to dispense with any of its institutional lands.

The other bill introduced by the blind provides for the estab-

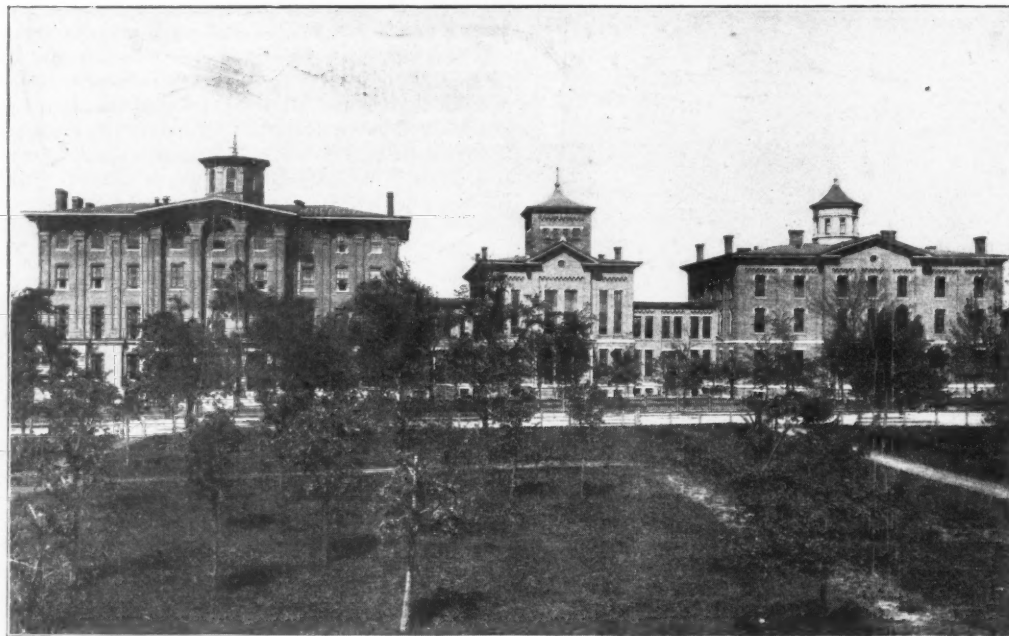
(Continued on page 291)



# Distinctive Features of Schools for the Deaf

## No. 14--- *The Kentucky School*

By GEO. M. Mc CLURE



Girls' Building

Chapel

Boys' Building

MAIN BUILDING—KENTUCKY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AT DANVILLE



HE oldest State School for the Deaf in America is the one at Danville, Kentucky, incorporated December 7th, 1822, and enrolling its first class of pupils, eleven in number, April 11th, 1823.

The Hartford School (1817), the New York School (1818), and the Pennsylvania School at Philadelphia, (1820) are slightly older in years, but were established by private corporations, and depended for support, aside from the money received from pay pupils, on the contributions of the charitable. But it was not an era of liberal giving, and the problem of providing for the many too poor to pay for tuition and board was a harassing one to those in charge of the schools. It remained for the young commonwealth of Kentucky, in the then wilderness beyond the Alleghanies, to show the way by founding a school supported and administered by the State, as a special branch of its public school system. It is fortunate for the standing of the work that this early recognition of its educational status was obtained; the plan borrowed from the European schools would have fostered in the public mind a conception of the nature of the work that would have held the schools to a lower plane, and robbed the profession of much of its aggressive spirit.

Not only did Kentucky set a notable precedent, later followed by all the other states in the Union, but she emphasized this recognition of the strictly educational character of the new school by linking it with one of the State's leading institutions of learning,—Centre college, of Danville, Kentucky.

While ex-President Wilson was still President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, he made a discovery which he imparted to a group of Princeton friends,—“There is a little college down in Kentucky that, in proportion to numbers enrolled, has graduated more men who have achieved distinction than Princeton, even.”

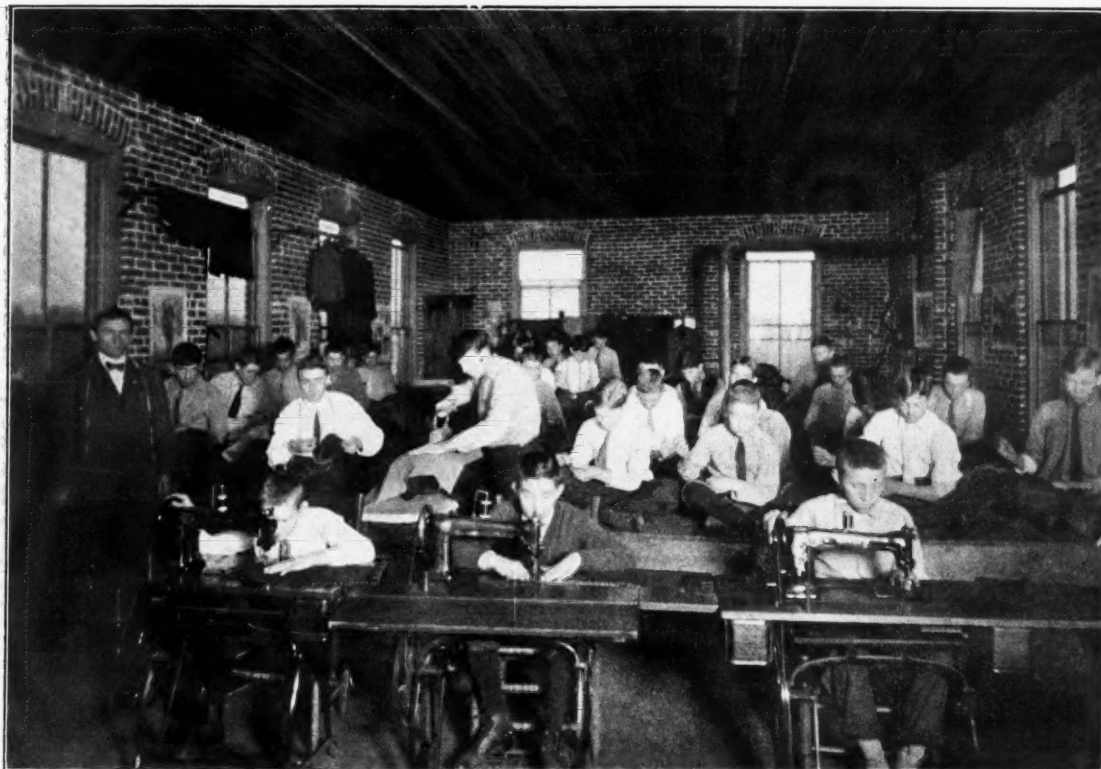
That “little college” is Centre under whose protecting wing

the new school for the deaf was placed by the legislature, where it remained until 1871,—almost fifty years. It was a happy inspiration that led to this action; the education of the deaf was a new field of endeavor, with an undefined status, but the public, finding the new school linked with one of the State's leading colleges, accorded it a standing that has been an advantage in all the subsequent years of its history. Indeed, the mere pointing out of the conditions under which the school began its existence has usually been enough to make the average state official, uninformed concerning the work of educating the deaf but disposed to class schools for the deaf with the charitable institutions, see the matter in an altered light.

We may add that the relations between the school and the college have ever been close and warm; the college has furnished the school with its educational heads for eighty of the ninety-eight years of its existence, with many of its teachers, and the profession is debtor to the college today for three of the present heads of state schools for the Deaf.

The lines of school work are not strikingly original; there is no hesitancy in borrowing good ideas from other schools when they can be advantageously applied under conditions prevailing here. The policy of the school has been, and is, to “Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good,” and so the combined system is used, with, however, an increasing emphasis on oral teaching.

There is but one session a day at this school. It is conceded that the best work is done in the mornings; there is a general tendency to listlessness and inattention to studies in the afternoons. Fear of unfriendly criticism from the outside at the seemingly short hours operates to prevent the adoption of this plan in some instances where its advantages are admitted, while in other instances the crowding in the shops is also brot forward as an objection, but after a trial of both single and double sessions the general voice supports the judgment



THE TAILOR SHOP AT THE KENTUCKY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



SPEAKERS AND MARSHALS OF GALLAUDET AND CLERC SOCIETY WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, 1921—KENTUCKY SCHOOL



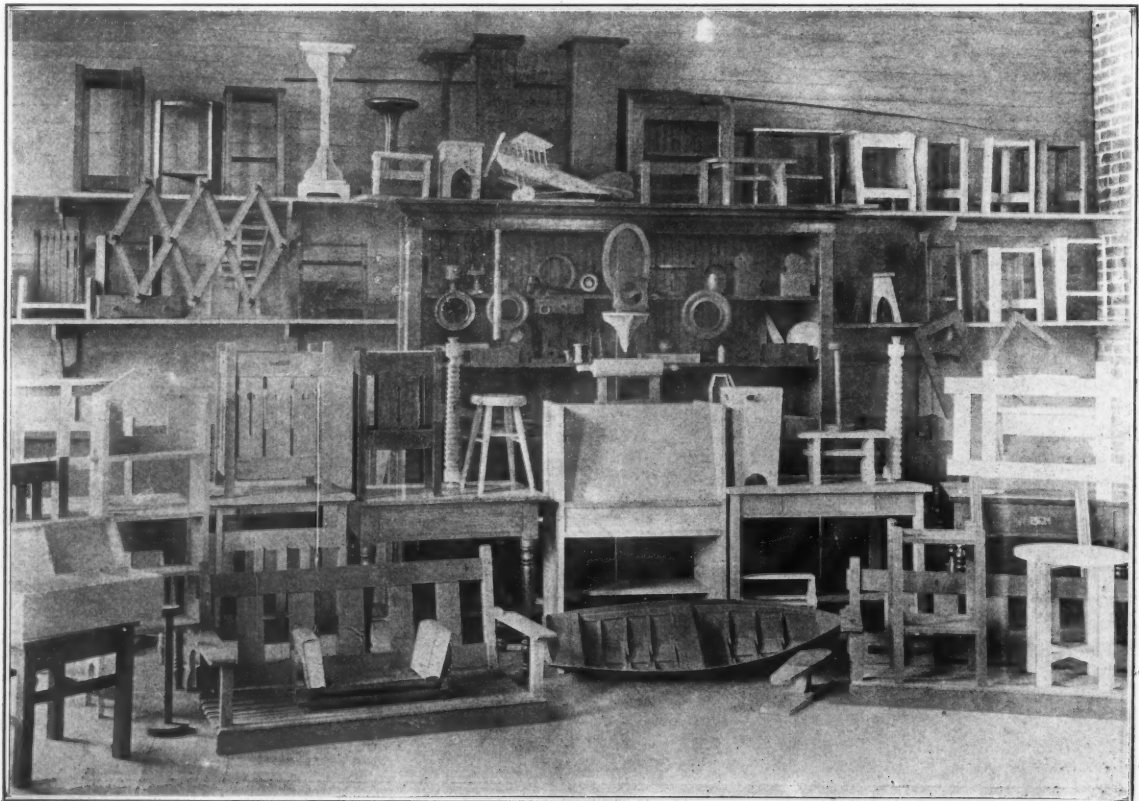
BASEBALL GROUNDS OF THE KENTUCKY SCHOOL

of the superintendent that the former achieves, on the whole better results than the latter.

The rotary or Department plan is in use, and has been for forty years past. The five more advanced classes rotate to four teachers, with one period for study. It is felt that it is a good thing in the closing years of the pupil's school life to bring him into daily contact with more than one teacher in order that the angles of character may be more effectually rounded off. Then, as all the teachers in this department are men, it brings the pupil, so long accustomed to women teachers alone, under a sterner discipline in the restless years of adoles-

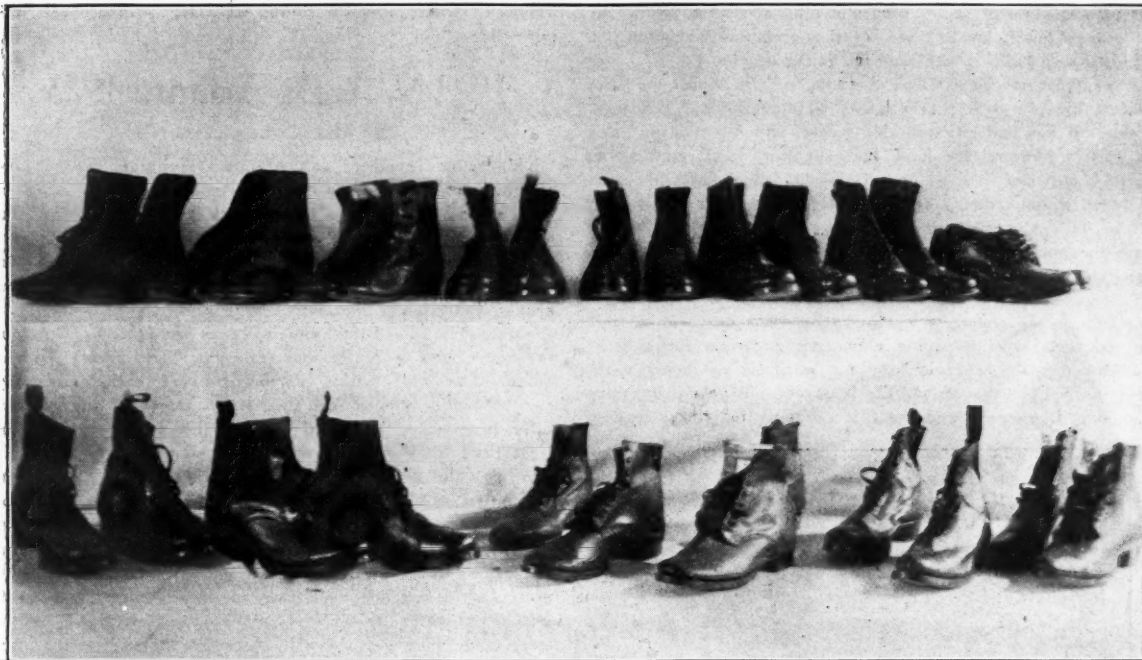
cence when the guidance of a firm hand is most needed.

The school has a library fund of a little over \$4,000.00 the income from which is used in providing reading matter for the pupils. The daily newspapers, the best of the magazines, school-room libraries by grades, with copies of the same book for each pupil, all reading together, and with frequent tests on the portions covered, are some of the ways in which the school attempts to inculcate the reading habit. In addition the big general library containing about 2,500 volumes, is open to the older pupils, with a teacher in charge to assist in making suitable selections.



CABINET SHOP EXHIBIT OF THE KENTUCKY SCHOOL





SOME SPECIMENS OF WORK OF THE CLASS IN SHOEMAKING AT THE KENTUCKY SCHOOL.

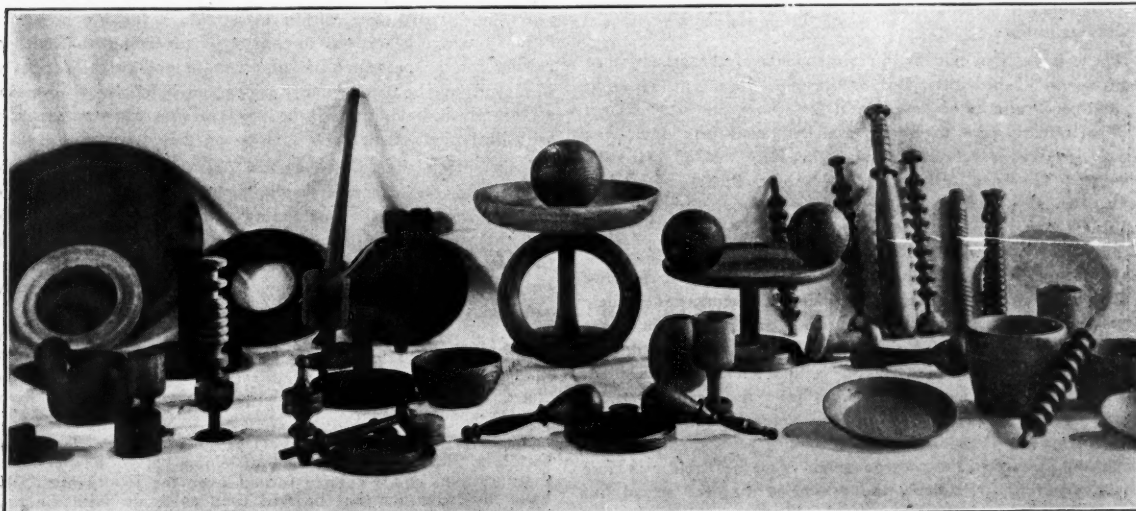
One of the distinctive features of the school is the number and variety of the societies, clubs, and associations among the pupils. Notable among these are the Literary Society, the Christian Endeavor Society, and the Young Men's Christian Association.

The Literary Society was organized in 1857, being the oldest body of the kind, with Constitution and By-Laws, at any of the American schools. It is divided into two divisions, the Galladuet and the Clerc, and an equal number of speakers from each is chosen to render the program at the weekly meetings. February 22nd is the day of days to the pupils of the Kentucky School, for the birthday of the Father of His Country is celebrated with a pomp and ceremony worthy the court of an Eastern Potentate. To be chosen a Twenty-second speaker is the ambition of every pupil, and it is a red-letter day in their lives when, decked in the colors of their division, they are escorted by be-ribboned marshals to the platform and in

the presence of the assembled school, relatives, friends and outside visitors make their bid for glory. If the educated deaf of Kentucky use the sign language with clearness, dignity, and grace the credit is due largely to the Literary Society and the Twenty-second "oratorical" contests.

The official report of the Christian Endeavor Society of America for the year 1919 states that the branch of that body organized here in 1888 was the first of its kind at a school for the deaf. It has been, and is, a power for good among the pupils, and it is a rare thing for one of them to reach the end of the course here without having united with some church. For many years it has been contributing annually to the support of the school for the deaf at Chefoo, China. One of the teachers is president of the Society and acts as Mentor, but otherwise its management is entirely in the hands of the pupils.

The Young Men's Christian Association was organized at the school in 1903. One of the teachers lends a hand in the



WOOD-TURNING EXECUTED BY APPRENTICES IN SHOP AT THE KENTUCKY SCHOOL.

preparation of the weekly programs, and acts as advisor. As in schools for the hearing the presence of this organization has exerted a splendid influence on the young people.

Then there is the Athletic Association with which the boys cheerfully split their pocket money on a "fifty-fifty" or better, basis. It has had an honorable record, and fills a large place in school affairs. We have had our Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls, our "Wan-a-no-it Club" "Good Times Club" and kindred organizations. One unusual privilege the pupils have is in the frequent outings granted to them. In the fall there are the nutting parties, in the spring the fishing expeditions, and any fine Saturday in either season there may be picnics. There are plenty of beautiful places in easy reach of the school, and the young people go out in parties of a dozen or a score of congenial spirits, taking along the materials for a feast. They return the better in body and spirit for the break in the routine, for boarding school life is deadly dull unless something is done to vary it, and there is no more delightful way of



"Uncle Bill," for fifty-three years a faithful employee of the Kentucky School for the Deaf, and "Old Jack" twenty-eight years in harness.

doing this than to permit the children to go to Nature's great out-doors. Of course there is ample and careful chaperonage on these outings, and the two wings of the house do not go out together.

Long terms of service among the people connected with the school have been the rule from the beginning. Terms of twenty years or more on the Board of Commissioners are not uncommon, and when there is a change it is sometimes the son who succeeds the father. There are on the Board to-day representatives of families whose members have served the school in like capacity for four generations. The ties that bind these traditional friends to the school are strong, and their friendship has meant much in those times of stress that come to all public institutions.

There have been but six superintendents of the school since it was established. Its Boards have believed in selecting young men to guide the destinies of the school, and letting them and their work grow together. John A. Jacobs, the elder, was barely twenty years of age when he rode out of Danville, bound for Hartford, to begin his study of methods under Clerc and Gallaudet, and had just reached his majority when he returned to take up the work here. Dr. Argo was but 27, Dr. Rogers 33, David C. Dudley 30, J. W. Jacobs, Jr., 28, John E. Ray — at the time of appointment. To this policy of choosing young men and retaining them while they worked out their plans for the advancement of the school, and to the fact that politics, the bane of American schools, has never been permitted to get in, must the success of the school be attributed. Terms of service among the teachers have also been exceptionally long; one passed to his reward a few months ago after fifty-three years spent in the school room here, and the average period of service of the present members of the Faculty is close to twenty years. Probably the reason is that the school has drawn largely on home talent for its instructors; it has escaped the frequent wholesale changes so common to some of the

schools elsewhere, and the rolling stone type of teacher is unknown here.

## 1923 N. A. D., Atlanta 1923

BY MRS. C. L. JACKSON

This sounds good to us. Atlanta's invitation to the National Association of the Deaf to hold its next meeting in this city has been accepted and Atlanta is now the "Convention City" of 1923.

This is the first time in the history of the N. A. D. that a real Southern City has been so honored and we feel deeply appreciative thereof.

Atlanta is famed far and wide as the "Magic City" of the South, and is really and truly the "Real Heart" of the South. The deaf within its borders are each and every one thoroughly imbued with the "Magic spirit" of this wonderfully progressive city, and there is no doubt—no, not the least little bit—but what they will call some of the magic into play in making the 1923 convention of the National Association of the Deaf the "peer of them all." Not even excepting Detroit which we frankly admit was "Some Convention," and that it will be a herculean task to equal or surpass that, but we are all optimists down here, and possessing unbounded confidence in ourselves, and the spirit and determination that always spells success, we have not the least doubt but that we will succeed. This being the fact, no more need be said at present except: "Mr. President and members of the board who awarded the Convention to Atlanta, in behalf of the deaf of Atlanta, Georgia and the South We Thank You."

The bazar held on March 30th under the Auspices of the Ladies Auxiliary, Atlanta Division No. 28, N. F. S. D. was a brilliant and profitable success in every sense of the word.

The bazar was held in one of the large downtown stores, Mr. C. J. Kenny, of the C. J. Kenny Tea and Coffee Company, having generously given the free use of a large space of the front of his retail store on Broad street, including one entire front plate glass window for the display of the articles on sale, which consisted of fancy work, cakes, candies, etc. The bazar was operated only one day and netted the ladies something well over a hundred dollars, we have not the exact amount at present. This speaks well for the management of the ladies who had the affair in charge. They were Mesdames. Bishop, Brown, Gholdston, McLean and Stockard.

Mr. William R. Jones has been let out from the job he has been holding at the Government shops for the past two years, and will leave within a few days for his home in Lithonia where he expects to engage in gardening and chicken raising for the present. Out of about 50 or 75 deaf formerly employed at the Government shops, only four now remain, all of whom have passed the civil service examination and will likely hold their jobs as long as they wish.

It is spring time in Georgia. The fruit trees are all in bloom and the grass is beginning to put on its dress of green. Rose bushes are budding and the festive Jonquille and the tender violets are already extending their perfume in the air. Soon the sweet smelling Jessamine will be giving out its fragrance. Ah, happy, joyous spring. All nature awakens, too, to bid you welcome.

Rev. S. M. Freeman and family have moved into their lovely new bungalow at 102 Greenwood Place, Decatur, in the suburbs of Atlanta. Mr. Freeman says that he is now "fixed" or "settled" for the balance of his life. No more moving about for him.

We are no longer N. A. D. state organizer for South Carolina. Mr. Herbert Smoak of Union, S. C. has accepted that position, and we have turned over the job to him. We have no doubt but that he will soon catch up with Georgia in membership. South Carolina deaf, send your application to Mr. Smoak in future.

# With the Silent Workers

By ALEXANDER L. PACH



THE newspapers have been giving a great deal of space covering the arrival of the distinguished scientist who discovered the law of relativity, which, by the way I don't know anything about. The scientist's wife says she doesn't understand the subject either though her husband has explained it to her several times.

Just as soon as I can find out more about it, I want to go deep into it if I can, even if I have to get one of my high-brow college friends to elucidate for me. The reason I am interested is in that I have a suspicion that it may clear up to me the relativity, if you get what I mean, or the absence of it if that is more correct of the complete independence that goes with total deafness and the seeming helplessness of the hard-of-hearing. I just can't get it out of my mind that relativity connects these two facts or disconnects them perhaps.

Sir Isaac Newton's theory of gravitation was so easily and simply explained that a child could understand, but this relativity thing is complex and not readily assimilated by the lay mind.

The longer I live the more I see to admire in my fellow deaf beings and their wonderful disregard of their infirmity. In spite of the hard knocks we get every day of our lives, the great majority of us have forgotten that we can't hear. All the twaddle about our being compensated in our being endowed with more acute facilities as to the other four senses is bosh, moonshine; real pretty in poetry but not present in reality.

Now, if totally deaf people can so adapt themselves to the inevitable and unchangeable why can't the partially deaf? Their handicap is relatively unimportant; a serious drawback, but yet trivial, paltry, and insignificant as compared with the entirely deaf.

There is an organization of the hard-of-hearing who want to cultivate the art of lip-reading and find an essential means to this end is a \$50,000 club-house. A \$50,000 club-house would not seem to be such an out-of-the-way thing if these people drew on their own means or went to work and earned the funds themselves, but through well directed press agency methods they are posing before the public as alms-seekers by delineating their pitiful condition, i. e., hard-of-hearing!

Isn't it a pity!

A number of thousand dollar contributions, with others of half that sum and down to \$100 have been reported and the Baldwin Locomotive Works is cooperating, though how, is not stated.

In Philadelphia, as elsewhere, too, are organizations of the totally deaf who acquire their own churches; conduct their own insurance, mutual-benefit, literary and other activities without ever appealing to the public to take pity on their condition and give them \$50,000 club-houses in the name of charity. Of course, as I stated before, I don't know what this relativity theory is, but somewhere in its depths I won't be surprised to find that it has a bearing on the greatly accentuated difference between the normalcy of the totally deaf and the abnormalcy of the hard-of-hearing with their hands extended for alms to bring them a \$50,000 club-house, for all the world like the beggar who shows you a shriveled arm to win your sympathy and your alms. The hard-of-hearing do their begging on the plea that a \$50,000 club-house is a necessity that goes with the lip-reading they must acquire to alleviate their pitiful condition, and today there are literally millions of children starving to death, and they may go on dying for all the \$50,000 club-house-hard-of-hearing people care.

It is reported on the authority of "Jimmy" Meagher, that the

Atlanta Local Committee for the N. F. S. D., Convention refused to stage fistic bouts as a part of the Convention entertainment. Bully for the Atlanta Local Committee. There is a proper time and place for pugilistic endeavor, but the N. F. S. D. is going to meet at Atlanta with the intention of leaving a good impression with the people of Georgia, and show them how an organization of 5000 deaf men conduct a great mutual benefit cooperative Union that has done more to teach the vast public of the capabilities of the deaf than all other organizations and activities combined. Prizes fights, cock-fights, bull-fights, wrestling bouts etc., are all out of place in connection with such a meeting, and would give a false impression to our hosts. I never understood how the wrestling bouts came to be a feature of the N. A. D. meeting at Colorado Springs, and am glad nothing of the kind has ever been attempted since.

A young man whose literary output recently showed the reading public as execrably bad judgment and taste as any that I ever have read, now turns to re-writing Kipling, with the same sad results, though it gives him opportunity to call people who disagree with him fools.

Mr. Reider indulges in some interesting thought on lectures and lecturers in the last issue of the WORKER. If Mr. Reider will go down deep, he will find that the men who have made a success of it, have been those who gave their audience something to think about and had something to say and knew how to say it. Merely taking the platform and reading a book does not make a lecturer, though perhaps it makes a Reader. A lecturer who prepares his own message, and gives it thought and care in both the preparation and the delivery, even though not a sign expert, will entertain those who have honored him with their attendance. If one wants to enjoy a book, the way to do it is to sit down in his own easy chair, and read the book. If he cannot understand it, no lecturer can ever put it over. A few pennies will get any standard book from the library, and no lecturer on earth can put in signs what the author has written in English. Lecturers like Dr. Conway with his famous "Acres of Diamonds" and Dr. Burdette with his "Rise and Fall of the Moustache" handled the creations of their own brains, hence the interest to the public, and their success. The lesson is, if one wants to be an entertainer he must go "on his own," and not borrow other people's brain children.

One of the most amazingly wonderful documents ever spread before the deaf public is the pair that have gone to make up Mr. Edward E. Ragna's article on "Who May Marry Who." Mr. DeLand simply wrote a resume of the Bell and Fay researches and conclusions, but Mr. Ragna goes further and tells us much that is untrue and unjust. If I were a deaf foundry worker I would begin suit for defamation against Mr. Ragna. The advice to a girl to select a \$22 a week clerk for a husband, in preference to a foundry worker at \$45 is an amazing and impudent assumption and a reflection on a great body of men, deaf and hearing alike, who labor in fields that do not allow of white collar laborers participating, yet they own their own homes oftener than the white collar clerks do, and they have bath-tubs and are as cleanly as any men, and their wives happy and contented as others. Mr. Ragna evidently hits at all spheres of labor that require the sweat of a man's brow, when he lumps them as "foundry" jobs, and he hits all those Akron workers who toiled in foundry jobs, but when their jobs were done, were as immaculate at lectures, church services and debates, as the office clerks.



In Mr. Ragna's story on the marriage market limitations, he tells us:

"Nothing pains the young hearing husband more than to have a neighbor approach him as he comes home from work and say, 'Oh, Mr. Smith, your baby cried terribly this afternoon.'"

What a silly slap at deaf mothers, who take every precaution to keep their babes at ease and at peace, and watch their offspring even more jealousy than a hearing mother does! Can any one picture a deaf mother neglecting her babe?

Way down deep I do not believe Mr. Ragna knows a single deaf girl married to a hearing man, and way down deeper I think Mr. Ragna drew on his imagination for the whole thing.

If a neighbor heard a child's cries, it would be the neighborly thing to notify the mother, and no deaf mother locks herself in when she is alone during the day, at least she takes the precaution of being accessible, for any need.

Mr. Ragna says that nothing pains a hearing husband more than the nosey neighbors' babble, but even if it were true, or if it were actually from a picture of life, there are a great many things that would pain a young husband more than such a triviality. Mr. Ragna tells us, that the husband's grief is "poignant and perplexed," which are two very nice words. He argues that to hire a maid would be expensive, and, perish the thought wouldn't do at all, for she must have her afternoons off.

"Personally," says Mr. Ragna, "I am suspicious of a girl who speaks ill of her mother." I wonder how Mr. Ragna views the matter from a strictly impersonal standpoint.

In the course of a single evening I recently had the pleasure reading two of Mrs. Terry's recent magazine contributions, in two different publications. In one story Mrs. Terry states:

"Let me pause to ask, during the past twenty years have we, the deaf, actually and truly progressed?"

No!

Progress is not the word for us, changing status is our lot, while legal barriers and educational fallacies hem us in on every side."

See what the National Association of the Deaf has accomplished since the status of the N. A. D. after the St. Paul meeting which was that nearest to twenty years ago.

Twenty years ago there was no such thing as the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Today it has nearly 5000 deaf men enrolled in 83 Divisions which are the mainstay of the deaf in 83 different cities of the United States. In less than twenty years it has acquired a cash capital of very nearly \$300,000.

This organization is so conservatively managed that in three classes of policies issued to members (C, D and E) there is a surplus of more than 50 per cent over the total reserve liability, and all members of one year's standing and over will not be required to pay April and October dues in 1921, the amount of the two months dues being, in effect presented to them.

The 5000 membership carry a net total of nearly four million dollars insurance, and all of them have indemnities for accidents or illness.

This is, in a nut shell, the work of less than twenty years, and one that represents only the deaf, for the organization is strictly of, for and by them, yet Mrs. Terry says we have stood still.

I do not know of any legal barriers that hem us in as Mrs. Terry's claims, though there are educational fallacies to be sure, and these are being rapidly overcome.

In the other article, Mr. Terry tells us of "The Greatest thing in the world," the point of which is not always clear, but is certainly clear when she states that in one section of her

neighborhood, they are putting up sixty thousand new houses. That is interesting, if true, and is certainly one of the greatest things in the world. But sixty thousand new houses in the present day seems a dream. If the artisans employed; carpenters, painters, electricians, plumbers, and the like, only average five to the house, which is rather a small allotment, then three hundred thousand workingmen are busy. Mrs. Terry personally inspected a great many of these houses which she says even workingmen buy at from \$9000 to \$18,000, and she found hand decorated walls and ceilings, tiled bath rooms, sunken bath tubs and the like.

Mrs. Terry says she sits on the porch and wonders, and if I had a porch to sit on, I think I would do the same, but being without that luxury, I have to forego that pleasure. Meantime, those sixty thousand new houses that workingmen buy at from \$9000 to \$18,000 are among the greatest things in the world that is sure, and I wish we had some of that building activity out here.

I read in the best illustrated paper for the deaf, of a social affair that took place in Providence, R. I., and while the event was nothing of an unusual nature, the street mentioned is given as "Howell Street," and the name is so unusual I wonder how I ever missed coming across it while a resident of the city, or on visits to it afterward.

She was a very nice young woman teacher, and teaching the deaf is her daily work, and that she is right on the job was shown in her asking, as nice as could be if I would take offense if she corrected a word I had just mispronounced. A deaf person always appreciates it when he is told of a word not spoken correctly, but in this instance (we were speaking of the "movies," I had referred to "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," thinking she would know I was only "kidding," but when she made the inquiry, I told her I would correct it myself, which I did, so it does not always pay to be flippant, lest others may think it is ignorance. In a very long experience as a deaf man, I have met with no help as to mispronounced words that was not offered in the right spirit, and some I accepted revision of with reluctance. For instance, down home, which, if you please, was Red Bank, N. J., till I became deaf at 17, I am positive, everybody said "disCREeshun," and not the "diskreshun," I am told is correct.

Even the word deaf, Red Bank pronounced "DEEF," not "def" as it is generally spoken now-a-days.

I have just come across another terrible indictment of a certain type of school for the deaf, that I shall not mention for fear that it might be thought that I am "knocking" either it, or the system they use. But stripped right down to the barest detail; I got a letter from the New York Association to help Crippled men, or something of that kind, I am not sure of the exact title, but "to help the helpless" was the idea, asking if I would give an interview to a deaf man that had applied to them, and embarrassed them because they did not know what to do. I fixed a time when he might call, and when he came I was surprised to find a man I had met a dozen years ago who I supposed well to do and amply able to care for himself. I recalled that he had told me at our first meeting he did not associate with his fellow deaf. No wonder he had to resort to a charity project when he became in need of work. I have never heard of anything on this order in all my experience.

Some months ago, this department suggested that the Duluth tender for the 1923 meeting of the National Association of the Deaf be accepted, but after it seemed that Duluth was alone in the field then came Atlanta, with invitations from the Governor of Georgia, the Mayor of Atlanta, the Chamber of Commerce, and all the Georgia local organizations of the Deaf.

They put up a mighty strong argument, the principal was that though it is called the National Association of the Deaf, the body had never met in Dixie, and after it had been almost promised them at Colorado Springs, we passed them up, and California, Connecticut and Michigan got the honors, and to pass them again for Duluth would convince the Dixie-land people that the N. A. D. did not want to live up to the National in its corporate title. And coming out strong in favor of Atlanta, were the leaders in the Duluth movement who pronounced the justness of the claim of the good brothers and sisters in all that vast territory below the Mason and Dixon line, so Atlanta will now have the double honor of being hosts to the Frats in 1921 and to the Nads in 1923, and that they will do themselves proud is a foregone conclusion. When the Frats concluded balloting for the next convention city at Philadelphia in 1919, Atlanta's happy delegate, Bro. Ligon, slipped out of the meeting and put the news on the wire, and in less than twelve hours the "Metropolis of the South" knew that they had won another Convention. When one recalls the mighty efforts of the southern delegation at Colorado in 1910, one must wonder at their long and until now, fruitless endeavor, and their wonderful patience.

An odd feature of the contest is in that three, possibly four, but surely three of the seven members of the N. A. D. board, whose votes control the decision are delegates to the National Fraternal Society's meeting in Atlanta next July, and they go without expense to themselves. From the merely selfish, or personal standpoint, all of them having been Atlanta's guests in 1921 would hardly want to go again as N. A. D. delegates in 1923, but all of them voted for Atlanta just the same.

The New York Local Branch of the National Association of the Deaf are to act as hosts at a Grand Ball at Yorkville Casino, 210 East 86th Street on Saturday evening April 30th, and should have a great throng to entertain.

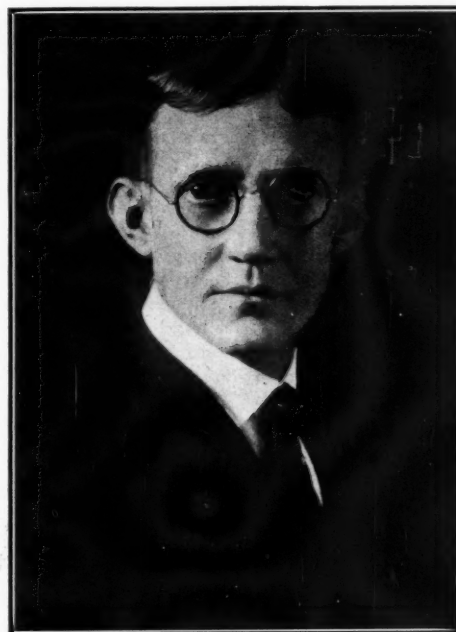


PHOTO BY A. L. PACH  
ALLEN HITCHCOCK

Graduate of the Ohio School for the Deaf, and until ten years ago always a resident of the Buckeye state. Came to New York, and now occupies a responsible position as foreman in a pattern concern. For a number of years, he has been Treasurer of Greater N. Y. Div. No. 23, N. F. S. D., and handles about \$500. on the first Saturday evening of every month, making 100 to 200 separate transactions each evening, without ever making a mistake of moment. He goes to Atlanta as an alternate to the "Frat" Convention next July.

#### BLIND AND DEAF AT TWENTY THREE

When you pick up a popular magazine and read in it a story or poem by Lindsay Lucas you have no idea of the handicaps under which it was written.

Neither has the editor who purchased it.

Lucas, 23 years old, is both blind and deaf.

He supports himself by his writings and they sell readily, although he has told none of the editors of his afflictions.

Three years ago he was one of the brightest pupils at a Minneapolis high school in his sophomore year. Then the bursting of minute blood vessels nourishing the optic nerve rendered him blind. Six months later, his hearing left him.

He didn't quit. He started instead to make the best of things. He has mastered the Braille and the New York system of reading for the blind and has read every book available for the blind in this state.

He swims, skates and enjoys long tramps in the open between the times he works on poems and stories.

Among his poems, widely published, are "Circus Time," "The Adventures of the Keewanis," "The Strange Wood Folk," and "The Brute of the Northland."—Kansas City Star.



PHOTO BY A. L. PACH  
JOHN D. SHEA

Mr. Shea is a Westchester (N. Y.) graduate who has earned a prominent place in New York City affairs. He is an old time baseball player and has a unique base-stealing record. 25 years ago when he was with the Paterson, N. J. team, playing against Johnstown, of the old N. Y. State League, he reached first on a single, stole second on the first pitched ball, ran to third on the next and continued on all the way home, when the catcher attempted to nip him, thus completing the circuit on two pitched balls. He led his team in stolen bases, having twelve to his credit in sixteen games.

The Silent Worker for March is another evidence that the deaf of this country have already an established and "going periodical, of the deaf, for the deaf and by the deaf. There is no call for an independent magazine for the deaf world as long as the Silent Worker continues to keep itself just a little ahead of its own standard, as it has been doing for some time. The March number is a thing of beauty, which, the poet tells us, is a joy forever, and is, furthermore, an eloquent and forceful testimony to the ability of the deaf to express themselves in English—the educated deaf. And most of the contributors were educated in combined method schools, too.—The Silent Hoosier.

# We Can Understand Each Other Very Well

By J. A. PIERCE



HAVE been asked to reply to Mr. Smaltz's "Fable of the Ass who Was Taught to Whinny."

This request was waving, figuratively, a red rag in a bull's face. It took me about two weeks to calm down sufficiently to write anything at all and, even then, the article which I composed—and destroyed—was too violent for publication. For one thing, Mr. Smaltz's "Fable" is not a bit clever. There is nothing original in it. It is nothing but a re-hashing of the bitter controversy that has been raging for generations between the adherents of the manual system of education and the oral. Mr. Smaltz calls the deaf "Asses." Whether he is deaf and consequently an "Ass" I do not know, but his utterances sound very much like the growling of a cross dog.

Miss Yale, of the Clarke School, once said that I was not in a position to pass judgment on methods and procedure of teaching the deaf because, technically, I do not belong to the "deaf class." My hearing left me when I was eleven years old and I had, then, quite an extensive vocabulary. I could also read speech from the lips instinctively. Miss Yale may have been right; she may be even more right now for, during the past decade, I have seen less than a dozen deaf people. There are none of us, fortunately, in my own community and in Denver, where I spend my vacations, I have found that practically all of my old Colorado School friends are in Akron, Ohio. So, possibly, I should not be considered an authority on the subject but merely an interested observer.

But, as an observer, it is impossible for me to forget the incidents of the years during which I was intimately associated with the deaf; it is impossible for me to overlook a comparison of the graduates of the Clarke School with those of manual institutions. Also, I can not but recall certain little scenes of daily life of which I have been a witness.

About two years ago, I was riding on a street car and was sharing my seat with a stranger; a rough, uneducated packing house employee, I believe. I was staring out of the window, paying no attention to anyone in particular, when I felt a violent jolt in my side and turned quickly enough to catch from the lips of my companion, "For the love of Mike, look at what has got out of the monkey house!" I followed his glance and saw two deaf-mutes in energetic muscular conversation; gesticulations, mouthings, shrugs and all.

This is not a pleasant illustration. It is an insult, possibly, to those deaf-mutes who use their signs without the accompanying facial distortions, but it shows clearly the impression the average deaf-mute makes upon the casual hearing man. It is the chief reason why deafness is such a reclus-forming affliction, why the average normal man naturally expects all deaf people to erupt violently in sign language. This packing-house worker

did not know that I was as deaf as his "escaped monkeys," and so he was given then and there a concrete mental impression of deafness and what it means.

About a year ago, while in Kansas City, I was approached on the street by a panhandler with a grimy paper in his hand which explained that the bearer was "deaf and dumb" and a fit subject for charity. To emphasize his plea, he put his face through a series of grimaces and made a few signs for my edification. I knew enough of the sign language to realize that this was an impromptu performance on his part and that the man

was an imposter. Finally, I did worm it out of him that he was not deaf at all and was imitating a deaf and dumb man because it "attracted attention." There you are again! Signs attract attention.

Mr. Smaltz affirms that the "Horses" in his "Fable" regarded the "Ass" with "unconcealed disgust." Personally, I would rather create disgust in the minds of my fellow men through an effort to penetrate through my handicap than be an object of pity or ribald ridicule.

The world does not become disgusted with physical infirmities even though it may become irritated and lose its patience temporarily. But it does become disgusted with the victims of infirmities who magnify their handicaps and tolerate such auxiliary drawbacks as dumbness. A legless man pushing himself along the street in a little cart attracts attention and even laughter from the unthinking, but not the disgust that would result if he folded

his hands and made no effort to help himself along.

Dumbness, when combined with deafness, is an artificial handicap. The vocal organs may be, and probably are, atrophied from lack of use, but they exist, nevertheless, and it is a crime against nature to abandon them. It is a disaster to allow any part of the human body to waste itself away when there is a vestige of utility left in it. I once read of a man, the victim of infantile paralysis, who had practically nothing left of his body except a well-developed brain and a partly crippled right hand. This brain of his forced his feeble hand to work under its guidance with the results that made many a normal man envious.

The trouble with the average deaf-mute is that his will power is deficient. Of the older ones I can not express this so forcibly for, in their time, there were usually no chances for anything better. During the present generation, however, there have been plenty of opportunities for self-advancement. Against this general statement it may be said that deaf children of the age when speech could be developed were not in a position to demand their rights. This is undoubtedly so, but I have seen too many boys and girls who voluntarily became deaf-mutes to believe that deaf-mutism is entirely unavoidable. I know one man who lost his hearing at the age of sixteen who took pride in his quickness at learning the sign language and who



J. ALBERT PIERCE



boasted from the first that he was a deaf-mute. One of the most brilliant young women I have ever known threw away perfect articulation, a vocabulary and an inherent knowledge of speech-reading for a deaf-mute husband and deaf associates. Dozens of boys and girls, to my positive knowledge, have natural though rudimentary speech which they will not use, which they positively refuse to use. If any of the deaf people are "Asses" these certainly are.

The whole trouble with the non-speaking deaf is clannishness. It is not easy for the orally trained deaf man or woman to face the world and its complexities. It takes stamina; thousands of humiliating incidents, much discouragement and loneliness best the lives of "those who whinny." In an effort to stamp out their defect and raise themselves to a higher, more helpful plane of life they meet rebuff and despair, but their reward is that, when they die, they can truthfully say they have done their level best. They have not wilfully abandoned a natural gift, they have not helped create an artificial race. They have not chosen the easiest path. They have not given up the fight to improve the human race and the deaf class because the other deaf man—the deaf-mute—has found more peace of mind and material comfort in his way of solving the problem.

To do this the "semi-mute" can not afford to be clannish. He may be, as Mr. Smaltz says, "a pariah." Personally, I would hesitate to use this term. The orally trained man, rather, is a citizen of the world; he tries to meet on equal terms whosoever comes in contact with him. He tries to forget that he is deaf. This, in truth, is the whole secret of happiness for the speaking deaf. And, it is a hard thing to forget. I have often envied the deaf in their "Silent Colonies" in Akron and other places. I have often wished that I, too, had a deaf wife and deaf neighbors and deaf clubs and social gatherings to attend but, to have them, I would be forced to abandon the exquisite pleasure of talking to my little son, who has just come to the realization that his father can not hear. I do not think that any of the advantages that my non-speaking brother possesses can equal the satisfaction of reading from this little boy's lips, "We can talk to each other well, can't we, Dada?"

## The Clarke School Alumni Association

Elected by mail ballot, the new officers for the next three years in the Clarke School Alumni Association are as follows: President, Fred P. Curtice; Vice-Pres., A. Lincoln Fechheimer; Secretary, Sadie E. Williams; Treasurer, J. Daniel Nichols; Editor, Alice L. Manning.

All are of Massachusetts with the exception of Mr. Fechheimer who is of Ohio. The Advisory Board which consists of eighteen persons are: Alice Field Allbee, of Vermont; Alice Ware Armstrong, Edith I. Bassett, J. Frederick Bergan, James P. Burbank, John F. Clinton, Viola Lombard Hull, Bertha Howes Nichols, Marie Oiesen, Florence E. Wetmore and Rob't C. Williams, of Massachusetts; Preston Barr, Jr., of Connecticut; Arthur H. Clancey, of Ohio; Beatrice Chanler, of New York; Minna Sullivan Flynn and Herman A. Graichen, of New Hampshire; Josephine Gillispie, of Wyoming, and Melvin H. Wheeler, of California.

The Association publishes a quarterly paper called "The Clarke School Bulletin." Miss Manning works in Room 229, Research Dept., Fifth Avenue Library, New York.

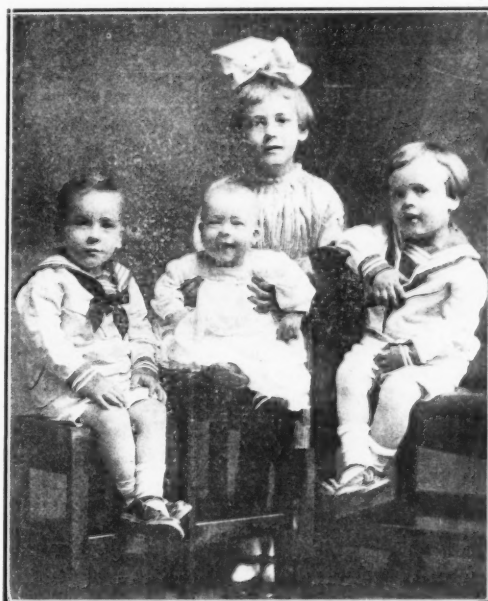
## Read It

The June issue of the SILENT WORKER will have a story entitled "The Message of the Rosary," by Miss Alice Nicholson, one of the best stories ever written by, for and about the deaf.

## Types of Children of Deaf Parents



MURRAY FAUPEL  
Son of Mr. George H. Faupel of Frederick, Maryland



Children of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Rhodes of Walthalla, S. C. The boys are twins.

The Silent Worker for March contains forty pages, profusely illustrated, the cover being heavy white antique stock, cleverly printed in three colors. Both from a literary and typographical standpoint it is in a class by itself.

The Silent Worker is undertaking the publication of a very extensive "Who's Who in the Deaf World." This will not be confounded with the supplemental "Who's Who" that the Athletic Department intends to publish. "Who's Who in the Deaf World" will chronicle every successful deaf person in the United States and in foreign countries. It will give a list of positions they have held and of their achievements.—Mt. Airy World.

## WANTED

Refined Protestant hearing girl, sixteen to twenty-four years of age. Daughter of Deaf parents. Light work and permanent home. Pleasant surroundings. Information. Address: Box 273 Church Road and Ogontz avenue, Ogontz, Pennsylvania.

# The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE ..... Editor  
GEORGE S. PORTER ..... Associate Editor and Business Manager

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The *Silent Worker* is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers all of whom are deaf.

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No. 8

## Abuse

"Invective is direct, undisguised abuse. The only reason for mentioning it here is to state the opinion that no editorial writer ever gains anything by using it. It is sure to disgust readers. They are not equipped with mud guards.

"The days of editorial wars have practically passed. Any American editor of the past who might return to metropolitan journalism today and introduce into his columns the sort of personal abuse which he was accustomed to deal out in the "good old days" would speedily become an object of pity and contempt. Only in country journalism, where a few of the old type of dog-fight editors still flourish, could he find refuge and the day is not far when he would find no place at all in the journalism of this country." \*

The above is in keeping with the policy of the *SILENT WORKER* as outlined in an editorial which appeared in the January issue.

This editorial announced that the *SILENT WORKER* is an open forum for the discussion of all live subjects by, for and about the deaf. Since then, several orally educated deaf have contributed articles setting forth their point of view. All the deaf and those interested in the deaf are searching for the truth. They are willing to listen to all sides and then draw their own conclusions.

## The Pace That Kills

Investigations have recently been carried on among the leading men of the country to determine how much ill health is caused by overwork. The unanimous opinion is that the pace that kills is the slacker's pace; that hard work produces long life and that people who work very hard are usually the healthiest and happiest, and when these very same people quit work and begin to lead easy

lives, they soon die. A machine will rust away quicker than it will wear out. Few men overwork but they imagine they are overworked when they try to work and dissipate at the same time. A person must train for his work the same as a horse trains for a race or an athlete for the contest. If you do not enjoy your work, if you do not believe your game is a great game, you will never be successful.

Be human. Help the starving people of China.

## Dog Nature

A pup enjoys chewing shoes, tearing curtains, shredding pillows and scattering the feathers. He is the same in the parlor as in the stable. He does not discriminate but is friendly to everybody. As he grows older he sobers a little, is less interested in strangers, and learns to protect the property he once delighted in destroying. When he becomes old he wants to lie around and enjoy his comforts. He does not like to be disturbed. He cares only for his master and his master's friends. He becomes philosophical and often cross. To him everything that a pup or a young dog does seems foolish and ridiculous. He cannot understand that he once was a pup. How like the life of the human being.

## Cleaner Movies

The deaf are more dependent upon the movies for their entertainment and instruction than any other class of people. Against their wills, they and their children have been fed the trashiest material; more trashy than dime novels could ever be. Much of it is vile. This has gone on until public opinion, both among the deaf and the hearing, has been aroused to such an extent that a few of the leading film managers are beginning to realize that something must be done. One of them in particular is taking steps to purify the movies. The people do not want too many high brow, educational films, but they do want good, wholesome and clean scenes.

A small western town was visited by a converted gambler who lectured in the streets and sold a book entitled "Save the Boys." On the stump and in his book he described in detail the cunning and vicious practices he indulged in before he was converted. After this he advised the boys to shun such things. It was like telling a small child not to put beans in its ears. The child never would have thought of putting beans in its ears, but when told not to, proceeds to do so.

After the converted gambler left town all the small boys were trying out some of his criminal practices which to them seemed clever. Many movies, with a supposedly moral plot, film the details of crime. Plastic and adventurous youths are alert to imitate. Stop and think of what effect it will have on the coming generation if drastic steps are not taken at once. A movement to purify the movies will receive the approval of the deaf.

\*The Editorial by L. N. Flint—Appleton.

## Another Prominent Educator Goes

We learn with sorrow of the sudden death of Dr. W. K. Argo, Superintendent of the Colorado Institution at Colorado Springs. In him the deaf have lost a valuable friend. He was an open advocate of the Combined System as was indicated in his recent Annual Report. His views on this subject have been going the rounds of the l. p. f. the past several months and we believe our readers are familiar with them.

In a recent issue of the *Colorado Index* there appeared an editorial by Supt. Argo expressing his hopes of paying a visit to his old school, the Kentucky Institution at Danville, in the near future. This gave us hopes that the deaf were not to be deprived of another of their great bulwarks for many more years to come.

Particulars have not as yet been received, but we understand that his death occurred on Friday, April 15th.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell just returned from Europe. Every city he visited did him great honor. The people of Edinburgh made a great demonstration and the officials presented him with a large silver cylinder containing a parchment which granted him the freedom of the city.

On his return, he and his wife and secretary were subjected to the insults of petty American Emigrant officials. On account of a far-fetched technicality in the passport of their secretary they were detained all night in a filthy emigration station.

Such petty officers delight in annoying distinguished passengers, on the slightest pretext or without provocation. They are little narrow men who are not accustomed to authority and delight in abusing it. They make a bad impression on distinguished foreigners and give the U. S. a bad name. They should be disciplined. All Dr. Bell wants is to have it investigated so as to prevent further annoyance of good citizens. Usually such unwarranted vigilance is to cover irregularities.

## A Trip To France

BY ONE OF THE EIGHT WHO WENT



UMOR having reached us that a party of English Deaf and Deaf Workers were invited by the French Deaf to visit the scene of their recent agony, things so arranged themselves that the writer was able to obtain his passport and join the other seven Workers as representing the Guild of St. John of Beverley and Honorary Work generally.

Though the time for preparation was short, he had been enabled, thanks to the kindness of his lawyer, Colonel G. Moseley, of Derby, to get a superb Guild Certificate signed by eminent Workers and ready for presentation to the French at their meeting at Lille, September 7-10, 1919.

The party first met at Selfridge's, just facing the scene of the activities of the leader (the Rev. F. W. G. Gilby) for so many years at St. Saviour's. Here we received our passports and tickets and \$5.00 worth of French money, and—after a friendly chat and cup of tea and a walk on the fine roof garden of this store, which contains Shackleton's celebrated boat, the means of rescuing his deserted comrades, and also is famed for its view over the metropolis—we separated so as to get a good night's rest before the tiring journey that lay before us on the following day.

Next morning we were up betimes, and the first person to meet us at Gloucester Road was Mr. G. F. Healey, now 80 years old, the veteran of the party, accompanied by his nephew, the son of a neighbouring Dr. Lund, of Collington Road. At Victoria, by 8:10, the whole party assembled: Mr. and Mrs. Toms (Bath and Wakefield Mission Work), Dr. May (Belvedere Men's Home), Miss Exstone (Women's Work), Mr. Healey (B. D. D. A. and Liverpool Mission), the Revs. F. W. G. Gilby and Vernon Jones (Birmingham and London Chaplains and Interpreters), together with the writer, who represented the Deaf Guild of St. John of Beverley and general literary work.

The task of an interpreter, it may be mentioned, was no light one, for he had to be *au fait* with French and English and the single and double hand systems in both these languages; but both chaplains were well qualified, and had ere this received one of the classes of the *Academie Francaise order for work* of this nature.

Eight-fifty saw us steam out of Victoria by the boat train, the writer sharing a first-class compartment with Mr. Vernon Jones. The crossing, though crowded, proved pleasant, and the opportunity for a meal, fought for at every inch, was seized. At Boulogne, passports were examined and seen to be in order and then stamped, after which we had the customs and proceeded to the town station, and, after a cup of tea, were in the train for Lille at 4 p. m. and stopped everywhere. At Calais, an excellent meal was procured and our party got a second-class compartment to themselves, though a few stations later we were joined by a timber-merchant who told us pathetically how he had lost his business owing to the Germans occupying his premises at Lille.

At Hazebrouck, we had to change, and it was no joke piloting our party—including, of course, several deaf-mutes—across the lines in front of a moving train: our friends, of course, being totally unconscious of the frantic "*Prenez garde!*" of the *facteurs* and seemingly oblivious of danger. For Mr. Healey, we should have thought the trip too formidable an undertaking; but, as the veteran deaf worker of England, with over 50 years of honor and esteem behind him, we can well realize his wish to take part in such a tour, and no one could help but admire his pluck and determination, so evident at every point—indeed a fine advertisement of our Deaf world at its best.

On arrival at Lille at midnight, we were met by the Parisian representatives, including M. Henri Gaillard, who had the honorable task of revising the proofs of the Peace Treaty. This brilliant deaf man was, we believe, to a large extent responsible for the success of the Lille conference. A small, sturdy, thickset man, he was in startling contrast to our giant, Mr. Vernon Jones, and they are aptly named "Mutt" and "Jeff."

Next came the arrival at our "HOTEL"—and a revelation it was! Built to the side of the station, which was about broken to bits by the shelling, etc., it had received in the war, it was small in the extreme and of the lowest possible order. Just a cafe and a few very small bedrooms, into two of which our party had to squeeze, Mrs. Toms and Miss Exstone taking one and we six men the other. For the six, three beds were available—Gilby sleeping with May, Healey with Toms and Jones with the writer; and, to those who know our respective proportions, it will not be difficult to realize that for the writer but little sleep was possible—Jones occupying part of the very small bed in a slantwise direction, and the writer the very much smaller triangular portion left, doubled up like a frog!!! Jones's happy smile after a "perfect night," as we knew to be true, was almost insult to injury, though, of course, this was the very last thing intended. Before deciding on this room, I had sought for some feasible alternative, but could only find another three-bedded room, two of the beds being occupied by drunken Frenchmen, and into the last, Gaillard and a friend had to stow themselves. We think the number of the party had been under-estimated.

(To be continued)



# ATHLETICS

(Articles pertaining to sports in connection with the deaf will be welcomed by this Department)

Edited by F. A. MOORE

## GLENN SMITH. By "Gosh"

*Back in the summer of 1917 the paw of "Gosh" had the pleasure of being grasped by that of Glenn's. "Gosh" is still nursing his, and in consequence writes a cramped hand, but it was a pleasure to shake with the great Smith anyway.*



LENN ANDREW SMITH, probably the greatest middleweight wrestler in deafdom, learned all and a little more of the mat-stunts in the cinder back-lots of Cleveland, Ohio.

He still sports many beautiful cinder scratches. Grass and flower beds were never thought of as necessary adornments for such places then. Anyway plant life never would have had a chance to survive in many of those lots. Glenn and his followers made them too hot for plant life. They were veritable hot-beds for sturdy young mat-men. Plant life may be beneficial to some people, but men physically fit are more so.

Before Glenn "cut a tooth" he could pin the shoulders of his colored rag doll to the carpet with such deadly accuracy. The indomitable spirit of the negro doll was finally broken. It finally admitted, amid the loud cheering of the tin soldiers, that Glenn was the "champ" of the babes in the neighborhood. The Greeks discovered wrestling, but they never considered the deaf fit men. And down through the ages were to their hearing brethren strange animal freaks, albeit very much feared in the wrestling circles. It so remained for Glenn to disprove this foolish conception.

Glenn was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on a hoodoo day in the lucky year of 1890. He's lucky unto himself but a hoodoo for other wrestlers. The muscles of his jaws, neck, and chest received considerable exercise during his school days, for he was educated orally. He attended the Wright Oral School, the Clarke School, the Cleveland

East Tech. The oral schools have done some good after all. They developed Glenn's neck muscles. In 1911 Glenn entered the University of Notre Dame and was at once placed at the pivot position, center, of the varsity

football team. Here he discovered the value of his babyhood rag-doll friendship. He toppled over all opponents as he would rag-dolls. He played such strong teams as West Point, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, and Texas.

Cleveland is famous for its "suds." Allowing one of them to trickle down your draft-pipe on a hot day causes you to rave in ecstasy. Glenn learned to sud de sud in his teens, and had stuck to drafting ever since. He's now a respected draftsman in the Illinois Steel Co. in Gary, Indiana.

He founded the Gary wrestling team—for years unbeaten National Team Champions. He gave the first lessons to G. M. Pinneco, who managed the victorious American wrestlers to the Olympic games last

summer. A year or so ago Smith himself won the National A. A. U. 145 lb. championship, and came out second in the 158 lb. class. He is the only deaf man to score twice in one National meet. He tied for the National Y. M. C. A. 158 lb. in 1918. At present he holds the Chicago Playground title. He is also a crack boxer, plays basket-ball, and is an all around athlete. Thanks to the Cleveland backyards.

The basketball season is no more than closed, and already the smack of the ball in the glove and the crack of the bat can be heard.—*The Silent Hoosier.*



GLENN SMITH



## IOWA GIRLS.

Lower Row—

HELEN CARR, G.

VIOLA PETERS, G.

ANNE JOHNS, F.

OLIVE GOLDIZEN, F.

Upper Row—

STELLA BAILEY, S. C.

Miss PEARSON, Coach,

Dr. LONG, Manager

and

FERN NEWTON, C.

## The Iowa School for the Deaf

By A FRIEND.

From time to time incidents of the Iowa school have found their way into the columns of the SILENT WORKER, thanks to Mrs. J. S. Long, but we do not believe mention was ever made of its wonderful athletic activities.

The basketball teams, both boys' and girls', have the past season been pulling off feat after feat, one upon another, defeating teams far out of their class, and always with consummate ease.

On the assumption that things like this never "just happen" the writer swung aboard a train the other day and quested for the story behind the achievement. A reason there must be, he figured, and as is always the case in such matters, a reason was found.

Strangely enough, it was hidden in the very last place one would imagine. The search ended in the name itself, IOWA, or rather in its motto, which is "Our Liberties We Prize and Our Rights We Will Maintain." The school people out there have construed it to mean, "Our Liberties To Win We Prize And Our Rights As The Better Team We Will Maintain."

This was the solution. No wonder the various squads are so remembered for their tenacity of purpose and sportmanship; no wonder "in maintaining their rights" the teams sometimes develop such tremendous power. The defeat of the much stronger teams became plain.

It is only within the past two years that the basketball teams have played outside teams, and while not a member of the State High School League, they have played some of its strongest representatives and in each case have won with perfect ease. And while the boys were winning 11 out of their 15 games, the girls were also doing their share; winning four out of five. That's all they could schedule. Most of the other teams "crawfished" on the grounds that the deaf girls were too strong for them.

In commending upon the achievements of the "Big" teams, those of the Reserves, both boys' and girls', should not be overlooked. The boys' team won 19 out of 22 games, while the

girls won both their games. Two was all they could schedule. Like their big sisters they were feared by outsiders.



MISS MABEL PEARSON,  
Coach of the Iowa Girls.

Miss Mabel Pearson, Gallaudet '18, coached the girls and F. C. Jacobson the boys. The success of the respective teams can be to a great degree credited to their untiring efforts. Both teams acquired excellent team work, and, with the exception of Goldizen of the girls, it is difficult to name any individual player above the rest. However as all around players there were several. Captain Johns of the girls, and Herbold, Fahr, and Keyslan of the boys have met few superiors on opposing teams.

Miss Goldizen has rightfully been called the "cat" of the girls team. Although only five feet two, she has always contrived to evade the opposing guards and to cage difficult goals. Like Miss Kate Keeley, the star of Gallaudet several seasons past, she has red-hair and plenty of Irish-blood, and perhaps that's the reason why she cannot be kept down.

The school is now polishing up its ball-tossers and expects to have an exceptionally strong team.

Keep your eye on Iowa!



## IOWA BOYS

Lower Row—

HERBERT THOMPSON, S.  
 GEORGE HAGEN, G.  
 HARRY HERBOLD, G.  
 MORRIS FAHR, C.

Upper Row—

ELMER HANSON, G.  
 Coach JOHNSON  
 Supt. GRUVER.  
 Manager J. S. LONG.  
 and  
 RUDOLPH KAPLAN, G.

## MISS HELEN KEARNY

If there is a belief which athletes are little likely to give up, despite all reasoning and all evidence, it is the belief in superstitions.

A short while ago the writer was invited to witness an indoor track meet in which Miss Helen Kearny, a hearing daughter of one of our teachers, Mrs. Mollie Kearny, was an entrant in the chariot races. The reason he was invited was a mystery up to near the start of the chariot races. It was then that Miss Helen requested to see him in private. She then explained that she was superstitious; that she must have a touch-piece; that the piece must be of solid ivory; and that since she had singled out the writer's skull as being the thickest of all, she must of necessity touch it, or else lose the race. Being a most obliging fellow, despite the solidity of his block, the writer consented, and sure enough Miss Helen burned up the splinters and won her race in record breaking time. The splinters are still smoldering hot. Miss Helen has decided to take the writer to all future races in which she is a participant.

As prophesied in these columns last month the basketball team of the Oklahoma School for the Deaf, backed up by the "never give up" spirit of Folly, won the championship of their county. And just to show that their prowess in athletics is not of the "just happened" variety, they copped the county championship in track too. There were three relay teams representing the O. S. D., one in classes A, B, and C respectively. And each team won! Class A team finished in 3 minutes 51 four-fifths seconds. This is remarkable time for a school team down Oklahoma way, an average per man of a fraction less than 58 seconds for the quarter. Now weren't we right in saying that Folly is some coach!

Coach Birk of the Akron Silents basketball team is to be congratulated upon the creditable showing of his team the past season. With only one regular of last year's team he built up a formidable five—one that defeated many stronger combinations.



MISS HELEN KEARNY

Fourteen year old daughter of Mrs. Mollie Kearny



## Sportettes

Mr. Glen Smith's features graced a Saskatoon paper some-time ago in the form of a half-tone portrait which was accompanied by a high tribute paid him by the sporting editor for his excellent playing while with the crack Berry's intermediate hockey team this winter. The C.N.R., a runner-up to the Berry's, tied up the race for the top position of the league by defeating the latter while Glen was absent with an injured knee. It is hoped Glen will figure in the play-off as he is the main cog in the wheel of the team.—*Echo*.

T. C. Lewellyn, the captain of our base-ball team, who has a wide reputation as a pitcher and all-round player, has signed for the coming season with the Newport News team of the Virginia League. He will report for work on the 7th of April. We shall all be sorry to lose Mr. Lewellyn but are glad that he now has an opportunity to get into professional company.—*Va. Guide*.

Dewey Deer was elected captain of the Silent football team for next fall at a meeting Sunday morning. Deer starred last season at fullback. He is a former Gallaudet player.

Ira Robinson was elected treasurer of the Silent eleven, and Russ Moore manager.

The Silents will play independent ball next season, as the Employees Activities Committee have banned football as an official Goodyear sport.

The Silents expect to have a strong team in the field. Ten men of last year's team are still in Akron. Andrewjeski, former Gallaudet star, who played quarter for the Silents several years ago, will be back in the line-up next season.—*The Clan*.

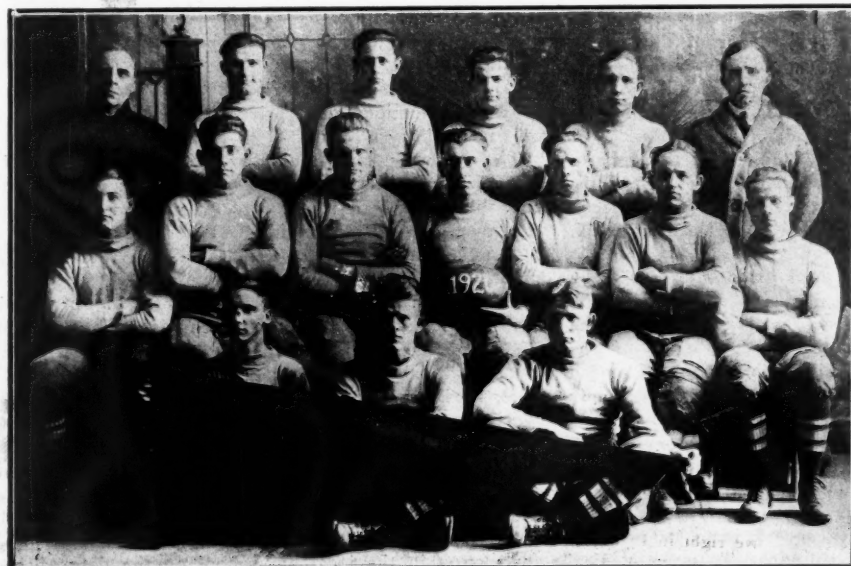
We note from the CLAN that "Lefty" Marshall and "Big-Six" Rasmussen are trying-out for positions on the Goodyear Regulars' baseball team. We wish them the best of luck, but if their doing so will weaken the Silents' team, we wish them otherwise. The Silents did so well last year. We would like to see them repeat.



Top row—A. Brueske, S. H. Von Hippel, S. J. O'Neil, Coach, G. Allen Scorer, W. Wilson, S. L. Ryan, S.  
Bottom row—J. St. Lawrence, L. G., D. Ungarretti, R. F., P. Senkheil, Capt., C., E. Ryan, L. F., R. Inhofer, R. G.

The Silent Five representing the Thompson Memorial Club of St. Paul, Minnesota, made a profound impression on the hearing public with their splendid playing the past season. They finished well up in the first division of the City League with 19 wins out of 27 games.

Gallaudet is to be congratulated upon its selection of A. L. Roberts, better known as "Bobs," for its track coach. "Bobs" has had much experience in this particular branch. He himself was a first class runner during his college days. Gallaudet copped first place at the Penna. Relay races twice during Bobs' time, we think. It is to be hoped that she will, with Bobs' help, be able to repeat the glory of those times.



MISSOURI STATE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Upper row—Mr. S. J. Morrison, Supt.; Joe Mount, R.H.B.; Tom Elliott, O.B.; Albert Rose, Captain, F.B.; Walter Nemminghaus, L.H.B.; Mr. Peter T. Hughes, Coach and Manager.  
Middle row—Elmer Asel, R.E.; Ralph Roberts, R.T.; Willie Ewens, R.G.; Vincent Thomas, C.; Brook Lloyd, L.G.; Lowell Grabree, L.T.; Emmett Burns, L.E.  
Bottom row—John Aleshire, Ernest Ray, Bart Ellis, all substitutes.

Three years ago if a football were shown to the boys of the Missouri School for the Deaf they would have mistaken it for an extra-large pecan. But today, owing to the patient coaching of Mr. Peter Hughes, the school possesses a well developed team. Last fall it made a fairly good showing. Though it was defeated 32 to 0 by its bitterest rivals, the Kansas School for the Deaf, the boys console themselves in that they held the strong University of Missouri Freshman team to a 10 to 0 score—and besides Kansas has been playing football since Adam received the surprise of his life—when he awoke to find himself a man.



## Speech-Teaching Conditions in 1890 and in 1921

By FRED DeLAND



IN A PREVIOUS article the writer endeavored to show why and when and where the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf was organized. It was also shown that from the start the Association was not a society of "pure oralists," notwithstanding the efforts of some of its beneficiaries to so brand it, and of some "oralists" to limit its sphere of usefulness. Its promoters perceived that steam roller methods were inadvisable from every point of view. These promoters possessed vision. They realized that while the advocacy of certain suggestions might prove temporarily helpful to the deaf children in a given city, or a given State; in the long run such support might delay the adoption of speech-teaching in the residential schools, by antagonizing officials, teachers, trustees, to whose care was entrusted the instruction of the great majority of deaf children. In other words, the promoters having no axe to grind, desired only to **promote the teaching of speech** in every section of the country. That is why the Association, as a corporate body, has endeavored to remain strictly neutral, regardless of the individual beliefs of its directors and officials, some of whom believed that the best educational results were obtained in teaching speech with the aid of the sign-language and finger-spelling, while others believed that a speech atmosphere and a speech environment in which no use was made of the sign-language or of finger-spelling, was absolutely necessary if deaf pupils were to become efficient in the use of speech and speech-reading.

Today the educational conditions are very different from the conditions that prevailed in 1890. Thus a society of pure oralists would have less difficulty in achieving its aim. But the promoters of such a society should not forget that it required a period of time longer than the life-time of a generation to remove the larger stumbling-blocks from the pathway of progress. A comprehension of the wide difference that has been slowly evolved in educational conditions, may be gained by a careful comparison of the character of the papers presented, the addresses delivered and the resulting discussions recorded in the report of the proceedings of the Columbus conference, held in 1919, with the report of the proceedings of the meeting held in New York City in 1890. The report of the Columbus meeting shows how different is the belief now held in the possibility that deaf children can become efficient users of speech and speech-reading when instructed under proper speech conditions.

In 1890, the general public took little interest in the subject of teaching speech to deaf children. Today the public is awakening to the fact that, as speech is the universal medium of communication, graduates of the schools for the deaf who are efficient in the use of speech and speech-reading should prove more desirable economic and social civic units, than graduates familiar only with the silent method of communication, a medium unknown to more than nine-tenths of the people. As a result of this change in public attitude, in many schools it is easier for heads of schools to obtain the increased appropriations so necessary, if speech is to be properly taught under proper speech conditions. Then the medical fraternities have awakened to the possibilities in teaching and training deaf children during the plastic period of childhood.

If existing conditions in public and professional atti-

tudes are carefully compared with conditions prevailing in 1890, the unbiased mind should perceive the wisdom in the policy that led the promoters of the American Association to clearly state that it was not an "oral society," and to endeavor to provide facilities for the demonstration of any and all methods of teaching speech to deaf children. If it could be demonstrated that deaf children became more efficient in the use of speech when taught speech with the aid of silent methods and under conditions that necessarily made silent methods of communication the dominant medium of communication thus limiting possible practice in the use of speech and speech-reading, then the Association should afford every opportunity for repeated demonstrations. On the other hand, if professional experience and the passing of the time proved that the best results with average deaf pupils, as well as with exceptional semi-deaf pupils, were obtained when no use was made of silent methods of communication and the prevailing conditions made speech the dominant medium of communication, the Association should provide every facility that its funds would permit for demonstrating this method of instruction. There would be no time wasted on the "battle of the methods" from individual points of view; the Association would encourage demonstrations, but not discussion of personal beliefs only.

As in all other lines of human endeavor, so in the profession of instructing deaf children, marvelous have been the changes since 1890. In the matter of providing increased facilities for instructing a larger number of deaf children, the following statistics may be considered official, as they are copied from a publication that never was accused of being a "pure oral" magazine. According to a tabulated statement published in the **American Annals of the Deaf**, in January, 1890, and compiled from returns made by the heads of the respective schools for the deaf, there were then in operation 73 schools for deaf children, wherein 7,331 pupils were receiving instruction December 1, 1889. In that tabulation these 73 schools were subdivided as follows:

50 public residential schools, having a total of 6,732 pupils.

9 public day schools having a total of 308 pupils.

14 denominational and private schools having a total of 291 pupils.

The January, 1921, number of the same valuable periodical presents a tabulation showing a total of 155 schools reporting a total of 13,653 pupils under instruction on a given date, as follows:

64 public residential schools reporting a total of 10,944 pupils.

72 public day-schools reporting a total of 2,014 pupils.

19 denominational and private schools reporting a total of 695 pupils.

The two tabulations list 155 schools in 1921, and 73 in 1890, an increase of 82. In 1890, a total of 7,331 pupils were reported as receiving instruction, while in 1920, a total of 13,653 pupils are recorded, an increase of 6,322.

Granted that some of the day-schools have few pupils, yet several day-schools report a far larger number of pupils in attendance than are enrolled in many of the residential schools. In one city 323 pupils were under instruction in the local day-school on the date given in the tabulation, in another city there were 299 pupils, and in a third day-school 169, in a fourth city 148 and in a fifth city 142 pupils were receiving instruction in a day school, in graded classes. Again, the total number

of pupils reported as in attendance in day schools in seven other cities is 414, while the total number of pupil tabulated as attending seven of the residential schools, aggregate only 286.

Another interesting item found in these statistical reports is, that the whole number of instructors recorded in 1890 in all schools for the deaf was 615. This total of 615 was subdivided into 245 male teachers and 370 female teachers, inclusive of superintendents and principals. A further subdivision records among the 615 "instructors" were 84 deaf-mute teachers, 76 semi-mute teachers, and 208 articulation teachers.

Thirty years pass and the tabulated record shows 1935 as "the present number of instructors" on "October 20, 1920," subdivided into 1,487 female teachers and 448 male teachers. Included in the 1935, are 290 "deaf" teachers, and 1200 "oral" teachers.

Incidentally it is of deep interest to note that of the heads of schools in 1890 sixteen are still in service, namely, W. K. Argo, N. H. Walker, J. N. Tate, J. R. Dobyns, Sister Mary Anne Burke, Caroline A. Yale, W. N. Burt, H. C. Rider, Virginia A. Osborn, Mary McCowen, Emma Garrett, and Rev. M. M. Gerend. What a broadening panorama of changes these olden-time officials can look back upon! Will there be as many changes during the next thirty years?

Following are a few of the changes that time's broadening experience have wrought in some of the older residential schools:

RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS	1890				1921				
	During the year				Present Oct. 20, 1920				
	Total Pupils	Pupils taught Articulation	Articulation Teachers	Pupils present Dec. 1, 1889	Total Pupils	Taught wholly or chiefly by the Oral Method	Oral Instructors	Pupils instructed within year	
Kentucky .....	201	22	2	168	306	195	17	334	
Ohio .....	495	120	3	404	499	328	26	503	
Virginia .....	106	25	1	95	187	158	17	215	
Illinois .....	560	217	6	501	375	268	24	431	
Georgia .....	103	3	0	58	169	152	15		
Wisconsin .....	226	44	3	183	172	156	22	176	
Michigan .....	347	60	2	296	277	196	15	290	
Mississippi .....	90	24	1	80	155	83	3	175	
Iowa .....	331	10	1	270	187	160	13	212	
Texas .....	195	39	1	159	447	337	46	473	
National (Gallaudet) College .....	65	0	0	46	116		10	126	
Alabama .....	90	20	2	81	190	150	14	193	
Kansas .....	266	35	1	218	200	150	11		
Minnesota .....	189	87	2	187	257	185	16	300	
Maryland .....	105	55	2	93	138	120	13	152	
West Virginia .....	82	39	1	63	183	126	10	193	
Oregon .....	34	7	1	28	96	74	9	121	
Colorado .....	72	16	1	67	112	90	11	137	
Western Pennsylvania .....	197	28	1	171	275	269	24	289	
New Jersey .....	117	37	2	107	188	122	14	234	
Utah .....	38	4	1	35	122	122	14	128	
Indiana .....	348	80	2	300	301	254	21	319	

The figures recorded in the foregoing tabulation are copied from the ANNALS. The table as a whole affords a study of a most interesting character. Try to visualize the difficulties that "teachers of articulation" had to overcome in the 90's in schools where colleagues were indifferent, if not openly hostile to the growth of speech teaching. Then there was the entire absence of speech conditions and many pupils accepted the brief practice in the articulation class as part of the daily grind, as a wicked waste of time and effort. Years passed before the heads of schools realized that to have their pupils efficient in the use of speech, conditions must prevail that would insure practice in speech and speech-reading outside of the oral class-room. Strive to visualize the many changes wrought especially in public opinion, to enable the Texas school to increase the number of articulation teachers from one to forty-six.

It was a big burden that the heads of schools had to carry in 1890: and they gladly accepted whatever assistance the new organization could offer. Not only were larger appropriations necessary to provide salaries for the increasing number of speech teachers; but in some schools there was internal disloyalty to fight. As one superintendent wrote: The State would have been better off, and the deaf pupils would have progressed most rapidly, had the State pensioned these disloyal teachers who did not hesitate to foster an antagonistic attitude on the part of all the pupils towards whatever was helpful to the oral movement; thus robbing the younger pupils of the possibility of attaining an efficiency in the use of speech that might have proved useful in after-school life.

## The Silent Community Club of Stamford, Conn.

1. To promote good fellowship;
2. To look after the welfare of others, and to contribute to assist any movement in behalf of the deaf;
3. To give readings; hold debates, and to discuss problems;
4. To give clean, high-class entertainments, picnics and parties without gouging the patrons on the excuse of aiding building funds, old womens' homes, and other down-and-out clubs.

These are the principles and the purpose for which the Silent Community Club of Stamford, Conn., was formed in September 1919. Since then it has held an out-door strawberry festival, a picnic, an excursion to Oyster Bay, two dances, readings by Rev. John H. Kent, and innumerable social, whist and birthday parties.

The club is made up of the deaf of Stamford, and adjacent towns, Greenwich, Port Chester, and Norwalk with one or two members from Bridgeport and New Haven. The membership consists of thirty-two, men, women, grown boys and girls.

The club meets once a month in the homes of the different members, who, by the way, are a prosperous class of deaf people. Owing to the limited membership, which is not too large to be easily accommodated in the homes, the idea of a club house has been abandoned, so that whatever profit may be made in the way of entertainments, is given back in some good picnic or clam-bake to be held during the summer. Thus instead of piling up a large surplus of funds, it is expended in the form of some good time to be enjoyed by all now, while all are alive and can get the most enjoyment.

The members are public spirited and have contributed generously to local welfare funds; to the Gallaudet Statue fund, etc. Most of the members were educated by the combined method at Old Hartford or Fanwood. Three members were educated at the Wright Oral School, and it is interesting to observe with what pleasure these oralists enjoy the company of those who were "combined" educated.

The club cordially invites all to their entertainments which are excellent, original and complete, and are held for the sole purpose of **having a care-free good time**; the guests being required to pay no more than the cost of the entertainment. The S. C. C. of Stamford is a delightful oasis, when the deaf living in New York or near the shores of Long Island Sound, want to have a good time without being pestered to death by the eternal benefit collections. They will want to attend the entertainments of the Stamford Community Club which are worth going far to attend.

E. R.



# DREAMS UNDER MORMON STARS

*Hiking With "Chum"—The Forbidden Trout—The Coming of the Mormons—Legend of the Golden Rod and Purple Aster*

By "BOB WHITE"



A TYPICAL TROUT STREAM

"Let us probe the silent places;  
Let us seek what luck betide us;  
Let us journey to a lonely land I know.  
There's a whisper on the night-wind,  
There's a star a-gleam to guide us,  
And the wild is calling—calling—  
Let us go."



UST as soon as Winter's covering of snow had disappeared from the mountains, Spring came tripping merrily along scattering her green and purple and yellow among the foothills and high upon the sides of the great Wasatch range.

The bluebells and the anaemones, the columbines and the tiny, yellow buffalo flowers vied with each other in an endeavor to see which could reach the highest place in order to get the benefit of the first warm breezes from the southland.

And the meadows were a blaze of color, intermingled with all the wild flowers which grow in such profusion in this part of the country—such a scene that artists have so vainly endeavored to transfer to canvas. The picture is before them, but they are unable to give it the perfect coloring which Nature has done so well.

In Utah it seems as tho Winter makes no effort to dispute the coming of Spring, and when she comes she is here to stay, and without any of the so-called "family jars."

And it seems as tho she comes during the night.

x x x x x

Is it any wonder, then, that I hit the trail to the hills at the first opportunity?

And, who should I take with me but—"Chum?"

I was wearied of civilization's madness, and yearned for the harmonious gladness of the mountains and of the streams, for I felt jailed in the city, and longed for the unharnessed freedom of the big outside.

I wanted to be where my heart would jump at the crash of echoing thunder and throb at the sight of lightning, as it plays and leaps about the hills and lights the mountain-tops.

My senses pleaded for the peace of forest glades, and my feet searched for the feel of the trail.

My eyes were staring to view the flaming set of the sun, and to watch the birds winging their way homeward. I wanted to see the evening stars shine out, and watch the moon creep over the pines to silver the world.

For thirty years I have loved the big outdoors only as poets, painters and anglers know how. And when I have finished life's long portage, may my spirit rise from the pregnant earth as balsam, or oak, or as a wild spring flower.

x x x x x

So, one afternoon found "Chum" and I wending our way thru one of Ogden's wonderful canons. It was the beginning of the end of a perfect day. Everywhere there were signs of a new life, and even the mighty boulders strewn along the canon seemed to welcome our intrusion. The willows and the aspens were about half clothed in their new dress of green, and around and among them the chickadees, the bluejays and the robins were chasing each other, no doubt in quest of a place to build their new home.

We had no objective point in view, but just wandered on at will, until we finally reached a place along a stream where everything seemed to be in waiting for us, even to a deserted fireplace made of stone, with a plentiful supply of wood nearby.

We had covered several miles by this time and as we were both quite tired (not to speak of being hungry) decided this was the very place we had been looking for, so we unpacked our luggage and set about preparing lunch.

There were trout in the stream which ran close by our little camp, but they were protected, as the lawful season for taking them was not open yet. But what cared I? As long as the fish warden was not cognizant of my intentions, what harm could be done in taking a few of them out of the countless thousands which inhabited the stream? Besides, what the warden didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

These trout were not of the high school variety, nor were they particular as to what they ate, so it was an easy matter to

catch them. The hook and line in my pocket were all that were needed, except cutting a rod, which was soon done, then, after I had knocked a few rotten logs to pieces, found a few grubs, and was ready for action. "Chum" was ignorant of the plans I had determined to carry out, nor did she know anything about the frying pan I had in my duffle bag, but when she saw it and the six strips of bacon, woman-like, she began to ask questions—for that pan surely was large enough to hold more than those six strips—at least a dozen more.

Altho the water in the stream was of the purest, in order to



MORMON TEMPLE  
Salt Lake City

get away without arousing "Chum's" suspicions, I told her I'd go down a little farther and get what water we needed for our coffee. So picking up a pail, I was off, but as soon as I was out of sight, stopped and cut a pole. When I returned and showed "Chum" those trout in the pail, instead of water—well, you can imagine how she looked—and what she said. She almost forgot it was Sunday—for it is on Sunday that a Mormon is *supposed* to be at their best. She vowed she would never go with such a heathen again, one who would deliberately defy the fish and game laws of the state in such an outlandish manner—running the risk of being caught by the warden, ten days in jail, or a heavy fine, or both.

Believe me when I tell you she was angry; indeed, she had worked herself up to such a state of mind that she said she was going back home. I told her that if she didn't want a little excitement mixed in with our day's outing, to hit the trail just as soon as she wanted to. And, to test her mettle, ended the conversation by picking up the pail and walked to the stream and set about cleaning the trout, then returned, started the fire, pulled out the frying pan, and into each trout placed a strip of bacon, and set them over the fire.

"Chum" sat on a nearby rock with her chin in her hands, no doubt thinking what was going to happen next. Now and then she would glance uneasily up and down the stream, no doubt expecting the warden to appear at any moment. Of course, I was on the anxious seat myself, but she never knew it. However, she was game to the core for, deep down in her soul, I knew she loved just such things as we were doing that day. She was a child of nature and loved the big outdoors just as much as I and such a trip was just what she had been longing for all winter. For "Chum" is one of those few persons that find books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

I was busily engaged in looking after the trout, as I wanted them cooked just right—to the point where the fat from the bacon began to ooze out, when they must be turned on their back. I didn't know whether she liked trout or not, as she had never said anything about it, but I did know she liked to fish. And that is the reason I caught them, and took such particular pains in cooking. For I had planned that she would also violate the law that day and forget she was a Mormon.

Did she like trout? Well, she ate three of the largest, and if there had been more, I don't know where it would have ended. And it was during the feast that the storm broke and the clouds gave away to sunshine.

She wanted to know how I had caught them.

"Why, all you need do is to go down there by the stream, whistle, and they'll jump right out; and they're mighty cold, too, after being in that stream all winter."

"Oh, stop such foolish talk, won't you? Tell me the truth—how did you get them?"

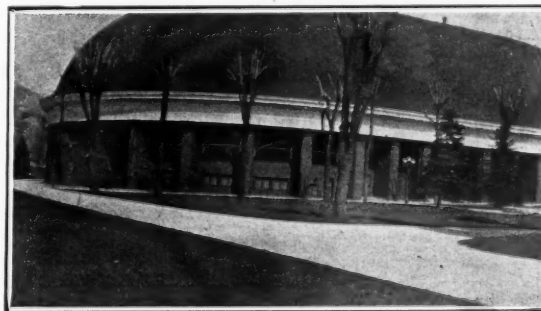
"Picked them out with my hands, of course—did you see any fishing tackle around here—come on, I'll show you."

And thus "Chum's" downfall was brot about. We walked down the stream to where I had caught them, and taking the rod and line from the place where I had hidden it, baited with grub and handed it to her. She took it without hesitation and did not say a word, but cast with the precision of a veteran, and in a few minutes landed the prettiest trout of the day. All thots of the warden, of the fish laws, and of its being Sunday were the farthest thots in her mind. The spell was upon her—strong—mighty strong. One—two—three—four—five—and then she stopped, for her last grub was gone. Then she insisted I should get more for her, but refused, as I had become uneasy knowing that if someone should come along, we might be getting ourselves into trouble.

"Once a fisherman, always a fisherman." Thus it was with "Chum." This was the beginning of many other trips we took that season, and now she has graduated from the kindergarten to the high school class of fishermen, and instead of the crude tackle she used in catching her first trout, she now possesses a fine split bamboo rod and a silver mounted, jeweled reel—a present from myself.

x x x x x

After we had carefully extinguished our fire and made sure there were no tell-tale evidences of our feast, packed up and



THE TABERNACLE

Wooden Pegs and Buckskin were chiefly used in building. Nails were \$1.00 per lb. at that time.

climbed higher up the mountain where we could get a view of Great Salt Lake. After an hour's climb we reached a spot high up in the Wasatchs where a most inspiring panorama was spread out below us. Ogden seemed like an elongated checkerboard, dotted here and there with great splotches of green; and far back, glistening in the sun, lay Great Salt Lake, seventy-five miles long and thirteen miles wide, I am told. Far to the south, in the very center, it seemed, we discerned Antelope Island, which contains thirty thousand acres. It is here that America's largest buffalo herd roams just as they

did in the days of the long ago. It is said that Brigham Young also lived on this island.

And I wondered if the great Mormon prophet stood near this spot when he reached the Promised Land, for did he not select one of the prettiest spots on the universe? Such a sight bankrupts the English language.

x x x x x

Far in the distance I saw a great cloud of dust, then I made out several moving objects which finally assumed the shape of large canvas covered wagons—the "prairie schooners" of the pioneers; and then came more and more—in an endless stream, it seemed. Horsemen were riding in advance, and on both sides



STATUE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG—SALT LAKE CITY  
\$30,000.00 worth of gold leaf was used in the Statue.

of the caravan men and women, boys and girls, were pushing carts before them. The men had rifles lying in front of them on their saddles, while smaller weapons glistened at their sides—men with a look of determination on their faces. At the front rode a tall, pleasant faced man who seemed to be the leader. There was a kindly look upon his care-worn face; he seemed to be the center of all the confusion now going on about him. As I watched this strange sight, he dismounted, and walking a short distance, stopped and picked a long stake from the ground, raised it and stuck it into the ground where it remained in an upright position. Then, taking off his hat, extended his hands heavenward, his lips moving, no doubt in an invocation to his Maker.

This man was Brigham Young, the great Mormon Prophet of whom so much has been written and told, who, after braving the many dangers of the long overland trip from Nauvoo, and after great trials and tribulations which would have discouraged most men, safely led his faithful followers into their Promised Land—into Zion—the Great Salt Lake Valley.

And the stake he stuck into the ground now marks the site of the great Mormon stronghold—Salt Lake City, where the great pipe organ in the Tabernacle peals forth its heralds to the world, proclaiming that, tho many years have passed since the coming of Brigham Young, still his memory is loved and cherished by a great people—people who believe in his doctrines

—not a few hundred—but thousands and thousands of them—good people and powerful—the Mormons.

Yes, God took Brigham Young, but his work goes on.

x x x x x

Then I glanced at the lake again. It was bordered with a yellow band of cowslips. Inspired by the breeze, they nodded in their own reflection. Scarlet and blue dragon flies acintillated thru a new and mystic dance. Each thing is pictured in the clear, blue waters of the lake. A flock of ducks skim low over the surface, and finally light on its surface.

Then I wander along close to the edge of the lake, and lo, and behold—a single stock of Golden Rod. Strange at this time of year—early spring. And as I am about to break it, an old Indian squaw suddenly appears before me, stretching out her hands in appeal, saying; "No, no, no."

And then she tells me the story of the Golden Rod and of the Purple Aster:

My mother lived in a little wigwan near the shore of this lake. All day she would sit in front of her wigwan weaving baskets, but no one knew what she did with them. She had lived there so long that people began to tell strange stories about her, and it was said she possessed the power to change people into plants and animals.

One day two little girls sat down on the shore of the lake. One had beautiful golden hair, and the other deep blue eyes. They had heard of my mother, and were discussing what they would like to be. Golden Hair wanted to be something that would make everyone who saw it be happy and cheerful, while Blue Eyes only wished to be near her. Finally they came to mother's wigwan and told her of their request. Mother gave each one a corn cake and told them to come into the wigwan and eat it.

The little girls were never seen again, but the next morning two new flowers were seen sprinkled over the hills and the valleys.

One was the Golden Rod, and the other the Purple Aster.

#### LAUGH

Build for yourself a strong box,  
Fashion each part with care,  
Fit it with hasp and padlock,  
Put all your troubles there,  
Hide therein all your failures,  
And each bitter cup you quaff,  
Lock all heartaches with,  
Then—

#### SIT ON THE LID AND LAUGH.

Tell no one of its contents,  
Never its secrets share,  
Drop in your cares and your worries  
Keep them forever there.  
Hide them from sight completely,  
The world will never dream half,  
Fasten the top down securely,  
Then—

#### SIT ON THE LID AND LAUGH.

#### A HOT ONE

"A flirt, am I?" exclaimed Mary Ann under notice to go. "Well I know someone that flirts more than I do, and with less excuse." She shot a spiteful look at her mistress and added: "I am better looking than you. More beautiful. How do I know? Your husband told me so."

"That will do," said her mistress frigidly.

"But I am not finished yet," retorted Mary Ann. "I can give a better kiss than you! Want to know who told me that, ma'am?"

"If you mean to suggest that my husband—"

"No, it wasn't your husband this time," said Mary Ann. "It was your chauffeur."



## THE ARGONAUT

(Continued from page 269)

lishment of their new school on some site in Berkeley. This restriction shows that the blind are not anxious to have their school removed from the educational advantages in Berkeley. They claim that the close proximity of the state university to the state school for the blind has acted as a stimulus to more advanced work in the latter school. It is apparent to all that both the blind alumni and the general public are satisfied to allow the deaf to retain the present site. As this arrangement is entirely satisfactory to the deaf alumni, the latter have taken no part this year in the legislation designed towards the separation of the two schools.

A bill has been introduced relative to the requisite experience of the principal. As the law now stands the principal is required to have had three years experience as a teacher of the deaf and the blind. The present bill would change this to three years in teaching the deaf or the blind. It is very advantageous that the principal of a combined school for the deaf and the blind should be familiar with the educational features of both departments over which he presides, but it is also a disadvantage in that it greatly restricts the field from which the applicants may be chosen. Young men in our country capable of meeting these requirements may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. As the law now stands the educational requirements of the principal far exceed the executive, hence the proposed change.

The present law allows children four years of age to attend kindergartens conducted in the public schools. An amendment reducing this age to three years in the case of deaf children is the objective of a bill to be considered by the legislature. Another bill would raise the charges of children from other states, who are attending local institutions, to the per capita cost of the latter. As the per capita cost of children in the state school for the deaf and the blind is now nearing \$1000 per year, the bill if passed would raise the present charges of \$320 to the former amount. A bill providing \$6000 to furnish readers for the blind attending the state university and to pay the expenses of deaf students attending the Gallaudet College is also before the legislature.

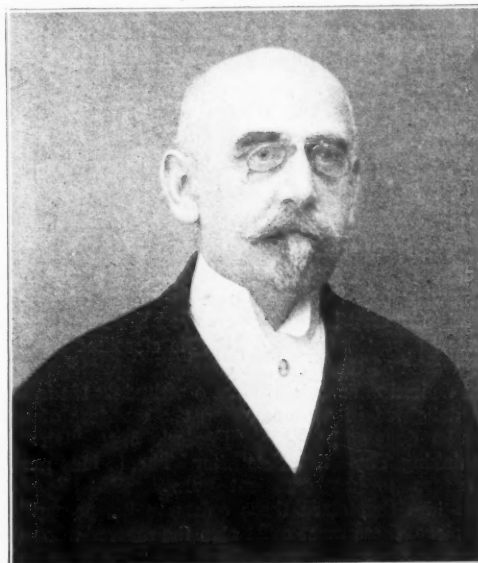
Not since its foundation has the National Association of the Deaf met in convention in the South. The strength of the Association has rested in the North and the East and the West. Perhaps this best of all explains the persistency of the Association in holding its meetings exclusively in these three sections. Now, however, it seems that the South is about to come into its own. The fair city of Atlanta, the coming metropolis of the South, is making an energetic bid for the next convention of the Association. Already invitations have been received from the governor of Georgia, from the mayor of Atlanta, and from various civic bodies to hold the 1923 convention in their progressive city. The state of Georgia maintains one of the largest branches of the National Association and has on its rolls as a member the name of the mayor of Atlanta.

So far as known no other city has made a bid for the convention save Duluth. Duluth, the city which boasts the first local branch of the National Association and which is also the home of that indomitable leader, J. C. Howard, is to the National Association what Oyster Bay was once to the rest of the country. Signs are not wanting but what Duluth may graciously retire in favor of Atlanta. In all doubt Duluth could have the convention if she wanted it, but Atlanta should have it. Wherever the convention is held, it should be remembered that it is to the future of the Association rather than to the present that all eyes must be turned. Provisions for the entertainment of members while pleasing for the moment are but temporary and soon fade away into memories of the past. The enduring work of the Association apart from the regular transaction of its business can best be promoted by drawing into its ranks as life members all, whom the local committee can by any reasonable means induce to become such. As convention time draws near, local

enthusiasm grows apace and then above all times does the occasion arise for enrolling life members, whose fees added to the treasury of the Association and whose numbers added to the membership, effectually bulwark the Association to such tides of adversity and open to it such portals of opportunity as the future may bring.

## Another Appeal

Dear Sir:—I could not write sooner because I had so much sorrow and grief. Sickness in my family and the sorrow for our old college takes up too much of my time. We also had a strike of teachers. They asked for the same payment that the teachers of the deaf and dumb of the town-district of Vienna received and were successful. If it is possible to give the new payment, I don't know. Now our college must pay yearly 1,-100,000 crowns. Previously the payment has been 85,000 crowns. It is a question of money only to be solved in dollars or sterling. Therefore I ask you, dear friend, to call the attention of the American deaf and dumb of our need. If the Vienna college must close, the Jews of Polen, Roumania, Russia, and Austria will be without an educational establishment.



DR. S. KRENBARGER

If the deaf and dumb, each one of America, would give only one dollar, it will help us a great deal. I beg you, give this demand of me in your paper and in the paper of the Jewish deaf and dumb. I ask you to form a society of friends helping us in collecting money. You would have our greatest thankfulness. I send you my picture. I was born in 1861 in Triesch, a little town of ——— and on March 24, 1884, I was made doctor of philosophy. I always have educated abnormal children. Since August 1, 1914, I have been director of the Jewish College for the deaf and dumb in Vienna and only had years of war, grief and sorrow. I ask you to accept my picture as an expression of my respect and devotion. I shall soon send you in German language the story of our college. Now I send you our matter of instruction, the obituary notice in memory of Director Druschler and a report about the deaf, dumb and blind asylum in Vienna, also the yearly instalments of the last years and a calendar with picture of the deaf, dumb and blind asylum. I'll send you regularly many reports, but in German language.

Yours Sincerely,

(Signed) DR. S. KRENBARGER.

Wien, Nov. 20, 1920.

# SCIENCE AND RELIGION

By WARREN MILTON SMALTZ



THE SUBJECT of "science and religion" is so vast that it includes, in its wider aspect, the whole range of human knowledge. But it is not in its wider application, but in its restricted sense, that the subject appeals to us. Most persons are inclined to touch the subject cautiously, as though it were some Gordian knot to confound moral intelligence; or else some Stygian maze in which human understanding, once it has recklessly entered therein, is utterly and hopelessly incapable of finding its way to the clear light of day.

We have most of us been led to suppose that religion and science are incompatible; that the one is naturally and inherently antagonistic to the other. Yet it is demonstrable that the two are closely related and by no means hostile to each other. Just as some men have a perverted religious sense, so also some individuals view science from a wrong perspective. No one will claim that the rude savage, bowing in worship to the sun or dancing in barbaric adoration to the luminous light of the moon, was actuated by the genuine religious sense. His error consists in being incapable of seeing the Creator in the mere creation; he confuses the masterpiece with the master. So likewise, there are enthusiasts of science who, astounded and awed by the infinite variety of splendor, beauty, ingenuity, and intelligent design everywhere revealed in nature are so rapt in their contemplation of natural phenomena that they wholly overlook and forgot the Genius's whole work they so unaffectedly appreciate. "Science," they say, "is classified knowledge." So it is. But they only state half of the truth, for they have not perceived the remaining half. "Science," says the true scientist, "is classified knowledge of the works of God."

That definition reveals his whole attitude. He is just as raptly delighted in contemplating the wonders of nature, but as he does so he echoes Kepler's cry: "Oh God, I am thinking Thy thoughts after Thee! He perceives that nature is not sufficient unto itself. His reason informs him that since there exists to his perceptions a masterpiece, there must exist also the master who created that masterpiece. A marvellous machine may be constructed, but without the continual attention which it needs it will shortly get out of order, its several parts will wear out or break, and the entire mechanism will suffer disintegration. How rash then, are the vague conjectures of pseudo scientists who attempt to evolve a scheme of things whereby the universe created itself and perpetuates itself. They would endow some hypothetical element such as the "ether," or even electricity with the attributes of Deity, and evolve and formulate a theory thereon for the automatic self-creation of a universe. They fail to see that they are merely renaming the creative Genius "ether," or whatever the case may be, instead of naming it God. "John Smith made that timepiece," says A, simply. "No, indeed," argues pseudo-scientific B, "That timepiece was made by intelligence, or human knowledge, or moral ingenuity, or molecules of brain substance, etc." Both parties to the dispute are right, but neither has sufficient acumen to perceive the fact. So it is with the creation, whatever the agencies employed, God was the controlling factor just the same. But to err is human, and to deny it human nature; whence result all the vain controversies.

Religion is subjective. Moreover, it is an inherent trait of mankind. Search as far back as we can in history,

we find evidence of religious feeling among every race and tribe. Modern men alone, in the pride of intellect, have been able to smother their religious feeling and to deny an Omnipotent Being. But unable to goad that intellect in which they glory to the profundity requisite for a full explanation and satisfactory comprehension of Deity, they have endeavored to soothe and shield intellectual pride by a reckless denial of that Deity. As justly might they deny the existence of the universe, but ocular and other evidences make such a course inconvenient. Accordingly, being likewise unable to fully account for and comprehend the fact of the tangible universe, they perform advance innumerable conflicting theories to explain away various portions of it. Verily, what fools these mortals be!

The true scientist is not guilty of such fallacies. He approaches science reverently and hopes, by a better understanding of nature, to realize a closer fellowship with the Father. To him "science is a psalm and a prayer." It is no miracle that the prophets of old were almost without exception men who came from pastoral walks of life; men who had stood in the vast presence of nature and had reflected upon the splendor of the heavens and the mysteries of earth. Such men could not have failed to be moved deeply and to be receptive to divine guidance. They made no effort to explain the marvels about them. It seemed sufficient to them to be able to appreciate the Deity in the majesty and beauty of his handiwork.

The true modern scientist goes a step further. He divines the deeper meaning in nature. He realizes that:

"The works of God are fair for naught  
Unless our eyes, in seeing,  
See hidden in the thing the thought  
That animates its being."

Accordingly he discovers the laws of gravitation or of mechanics; the periods of revolution of the planets; or the molecular weights of the elements. And having done so, he does not become conceited over his mental ability, but occupies himself in marvelling at the divine intelligence which first conceived and then embodied those laws. Not for an instant does he imagine that, having discovered these laws, he has created them. As justly say that Columbus, in discovering America, created a new continent, or that an archaeologist, in digging up a piece of ancient Greek sculpture, himself sculptured the masterpiece. The true scientist searches for knowledge, not merely for the sake of knowledge, but for the sake of that exalted friendship with the Father which only the noblest of mankind can approach. He feels that:

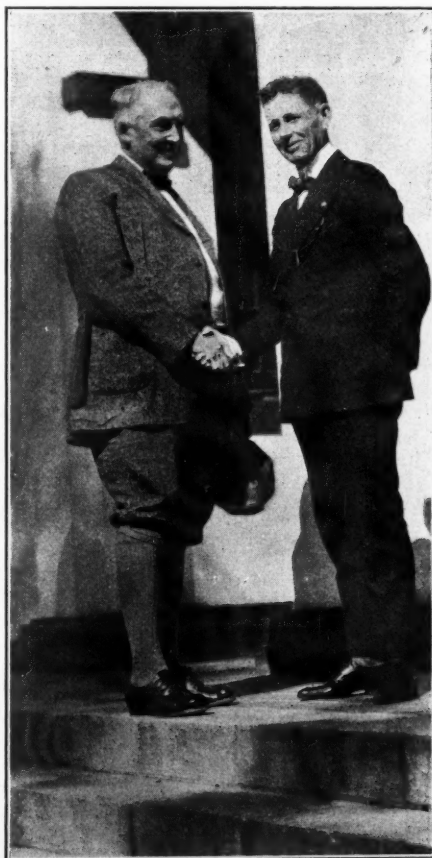
"The waves that moan along the shore;  
The winds that sigh in blowing;  
Are sent to teach a mystic lore  
Which men are wise in knowing."

Filled with the wisdom that comes from the fear of the Lord, he knows that a knowledge of His works as well as of His word is understanding.

Herein is where it becomes evident that science and religion are not mutually antagonistic. Religion, as was stated, is subjective. Its source is within ourselves. Science when properly appreciated will feed the religious flame. Religion feels God and needs His power of sustaining the spirit; Science perceives God and needs His power to explain the universe. Science vindicates religion.

It is sad to contemplate in a "materialistic age" that men should fail to perceive these underlying truths. It is only too common to find instances of perverted intelligence which, fully able to find and appreciate the intrinsic beauty of natural phenomena, is apparently utterly incapable of appreciating the subtler and greater beauty of those same phenomena as revealing the majesty, glory, purpose, and presence, of Almighty God. It is not our province here to criticize such malformed intellects, or to shout "Ye fools and blind!" at those who will not see. Our purpose is only to call attention to a fact. The younger generation is instructed in the rudiments of science. Full of half assimilated and ill digested knowledge, and within the din of controversy all about them, it is scarcely strange that they should fondly imagine that by a denial of the Deity they are showing their erudition and scientific attainments. Of course they are only showing their lack of both. Not yet knowing enough to know their own limitations, how can they realize the pitiful smallness of the realm of knowledge situated in a vast expanse of unexplored and uncomprehended universe. The greatest minds the world has yet seen have each and all been amazed, not at the extent of human enlightenment, but at the profundity of that darkness not yet pierced by human intelligence.

The future of science cannot be in doubt. As human knowledge increases, it must inevitably lead men nearer and nearer to the great Source of all things until, having approached close enough, even the blindness of mortal eyes will no longer be able to prevent men from perceiving the one fact of omnipotent Deity. Science will vindicate religion.



Dr. Walker of the Florida School for the Deaf Welcoming President-elect Harding on the occasion of his Visit to the School February 4th last.  
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## WAY DOWN EAST

By PETRA FANDREM HOWARD



SEVEN years ago, in fact back in 1914, when on a visit to New York, every New Yorker assured me that I would never be satisfied to stay away from their wonder city for very long. They predicted that I would be back every few years, not considering that I belonged to that great majority of humans, the working class.

Seven years is a long time and there was little desire to see New York. The longing for old friends was great, but finances never seemed great enough to satisfy my longings. Meeting so many Easterners at Detroit no doubt had its effect on my mind and strengthened my desires to go back east.

For months I planned and figured on this trip. Where I could go, whom I could see, striving not to miss a single friend if possible, and then the feeling of the moving train as I was finally on my way. It seemed like a dream and that I must wake up suddenly to find myself still in Duluth.

CHICAGO. No, it wasn't the town I knew. Going through each fall and spring had acquainted me with a Chicago that was hot and dusty. No place to really enjoy one's self. Rather I felt I wanted to get out as quickly as I got in, in spite of the fact that I spent a delightful week there last summer. This particular morning it was cold. Colder than Duluth when I felt it. Girls were bundled in furs up to their necks, but on their feet were the usual thin stockings and light weight shoes.

The air was bracing, so I hurriedly walked down to the Frat Office, thinking to catch my genial friend, Mr. Gibson, playing hookey or slacking, up on the job. Instead, there was the whole office force working away for dear life, or is it death in an insurance office? I felt like a surprise party that was more than welcome. When I came to leave, I had my regular argument with Mr. Gibson on which direction I should go. Now, I don't know Chicago, and without intention of hurting anyone's feelings I will say, I don't want to know it. But, I still insist that I came from the other direction, Mr. Gibson's arguments to the contrary.

Without losing my way, I hurried to see another friend and then rushed to the station just in time to catch my train for Columbus. My friend, the ticket agent in Duluth, told me that my train would leave Chicago at 10:30 A. M. and reach Columbus at 8:20 P. M. Had I followed his directions I would still be waiting for the 10:30 which leaves at 10:20 and reaches Columbus at 8:30 P. M.

Being comfortably seated, I remembered my husband's advice to enjoy myself. He had reminded me that I would not return by the same route, so must make the most of my trip. Thereupon I proceeded to take my sewing from my bag and between thoughts and scenes I did quite a bit of work.

In Columbus Miss M. Ethelburga Zell was patiently waiting for me. I say patiently because she should have been at a meeting of the Ladies' Aid, and my late arrival delayed her. Her brother, who is so artistic, I envy him, quickly drove us to the meeting place, Trinity Church. I do wish some one would tell me why, and how, the Ohio deaf people can always make a stranger feel at home. I knew it was not because I knew so many by name from working for the Howard Investment Company. Even before my coat was off I felt as though I belonged with them and I was glad to be there. They most kindly allowed me to speak to them, although I wasn't prepared to tell them half the nice things I thought of them, I could and did tell them that Mr. Howard thought that as a class they were the most splendid form of co-operation he had ever seen. What the Ohio deaf say they will accomplish, they do accomplish.

After the meeting, it seemed as though they were holding a reception in my honor. Besides Miss Zell, who so kindly took pains to see I met every one, there was dear sweet Bessie McGregor, May Greener, Bessie M. Edgar, and a number of others whose names I had known for years and hardly dared to think I would ever have the pleasure of meeting. Mrs. Zell, mother of Ethel and Mr. Ernest, it seemed to me, did more than her share of the work at the meeting. She not only interpreted but spoke in behalf of the Day Nursery (at that time there was a campaign on for funds) and took it upon herself to collect donations. I am delighted to hear that she is meeting with such success. I used to consider myself somewhat of a hustler but I take off my hat to her. She does more in every way than I would ever attempt to do and the deaf of Columbus are to be congratulated on having her for their friend and helper.

Superintendent and Mrs. Jones very kindly extended an invitation to Miss Zell and myself to stay at the Institution, but we had to decline on the grounds that we had too much O. W. L. S. business to transact.

The Zell's have a lovely home, made more interesting when you know how they came to build it and they designed it themselves.

Friday, February 18th, was a cold day and, of course, I got blamed for it. They decided it was regular Duluth weather and I knew then that Mr. Howard had not convinced them that Duluth was in the banana belt. We were at the school bright and early. In fact before the children were there. Dr. Patterson very kindly showed me around the school and I had a wonderful opportunity to see the splendid work being done. At first, I felt that the school was too close to town, but when I met the pupils and talked to them I realized that it was to their advantage. They seemed so well informed and so able to look out for themselves that I felt they had acquired that ability from living close to the people and being about town frequently. Dr. Jones is heart and soul interested in the welfare of the pupils in his school. That is, next to his dear grandson, and we will forgive him for placing the child first, for he is a darling little boy.

Miss Zell and I had lunch with Superintendent and Mrs. Jones, and I am fully convinced from his conversation, that Dr. Jones will some day be as successful a farmer as he is superintendent.

In the afternoon, some one, somehow, loaned me about five pupils to escort to the theatre to see Thurston, the magician. Playing teacher was most amusing, for the little tots entertained me with stories of their cats, dogs and playthings. Not having seen Thurston since I was quite a youngster, I thoroughly enjoyed him, but more so the remarks of the little ones. Several of them thought that he was God, for he could do such wonderful things.

But the best part of the day was to come. The OWLS had planned a dinner in my honor. If I could only tell how lovely everything was! The dinner was held at the Maramoor Inn, one of the most exclusive in Columbus. They had arranged a table for us over in one corner, screened from the public eye, and to add to our enjoyment the screens had Owls painted on them. The table was beautifully set with an immense centerpiece of pink roses and fusias. The goblets were of blue venetian glass and the Owl place cards, painted by Mr. Zell, had the same shade of blue in them. It was a most beautiful setting and I am sure we could all have just sat and enjoyed the beauty of it. But who can resist a fruit cocktail that make you glad

prohibition is in force? Chicken croquettes, potatoes with cream sauce, currant jelly, and nice hot rolls. Then a crisp salad with dressing that just melted away in your mouth and the whole topped off with a wonderful desert of sponge cake served with ice-cream and chocolate sauce. Then the coffee. To be real slangy, I'll say it was SOME DINNER. Nothing must be told of the talk that took place for when full fledged Owls like Miss Zell, Miss Greener, Miss McGregor, Miss Lamson and Mrs. Wm. H. Zorn get together, there is no telling what reminences they will bring up. I admit I hated to go when the party broke up, and I do want to thank each of the ladies for such a lovely evening.

Saturday morning we shopped. What woman will not shop? We walked around and saw many of the interesting public buildings. We visited the State Bindery where a number of deaf people are employed. They were fortunate at being kept at work and they spoke as though they appreciated the fact. It will be all over the country soon so I may as well admit that I had the idea the State Bindery was connected with the State Prison and I could not figure out how the deaf were working there. Whoever went and told that on me certainly got me in bad for I never was so teased in my life as I was while at the bindery.

By lunch time, Miss Zell and I were a trifle hungry so we sneaked into the Elks Club for lunch. Then we hurried to the school and saw the boys play basket ball. It was the first game I had seen in about five years so I did enjoy it. After the game, the men of the Advance Society held a supper and social at the school. Everybody was there, from Superintendent Jones to little Bessie Wisecup who is my "best friend." Mr. McGregor and I discovered that we had like ideas on Spiritualism. Grandpa Greener was so "caged in" I didn't have much chance to talk to him but he knows I love him just the same. Everybody was busy. I thought it was the men who gave the affair and while they were plainly in evidence, it seemed the ladies were concerned to see them make good. Had I eaten as much as they desired me to, or accepted as many "treats" as were offered me, I wouldn't be here to tell this tale.

Sunday morning, bright and early, we were at the school again and as soon as Sunday School was over we left for a visit to the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf. Mr. Zell is such an excellent driver of his Ford Sedan that he made me forget that I was afraid to ride in one and with this feeling of safety and the pleasant company of Mrs. Zell, Miss Zell and Miss Greener, I did thoroughly enjoy the trip.

Everything at the home was as nice as could be. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman were most kind and the chicken dinner we had will be remembered for a long, long time. I do feel so sorry for people who are old and have no home of their own. Yet, when I saw these old ladies and gentlemen and saw how pleasant it was to them to be with their own kind and to have the companionship that made life worth while, I was glad for them and thankful to the Ohio Deaf for their kindness in laboring as they do for the welfare of those who are old and homeless. I was interested in the inmates, in their lives, in the building, but mostly I was impressed with the great amount of work and continued effort necessary to keep the place up. Every one does his share and I think we can most of us take a lesson from Ohio when it comes to wholeheartedly working together.

On our way home, we stopped at the Greener's. I think May Greener is one of the loveliest girls I have met but I know now she can't help it because she has such a nice father and mother.

Being so continually on the go, the Zell's and I, had little chance to talk over the many things we wished to. Sunday evening was most pleasant for it found us comfortable in front of the grate fire talking and increasing our friendship. Train time came too quickly to suit me but trains wait for no one so we had to rush to the station.

Brrrrrr! Did you say cold? I just could not go to sleep. I spread my coat over me. Even so I was cold. Then I rang

for the porter and asked for another blanket. "Gosh Almighty!", was the remark that greeted my request, "wasn't you the deaf lady what got on last night?" I told him to never mind that for I was one cold lady right now and would like that blanket. He brought it but the next morning I had to explain how it was that I was not deaf.

As the familiar landmarks between Baltimore and Washington came to view, I stopped to wonder what it was of my college life that I had carried with me all these years. How much of my Trig or International Law I remembered, I do not know, but how sure I am of those friends I made. I cannot, today, survey a plot of land but I can recall without effort those boys and girls who made life pleasant. Who doesn't remember Fred Fancher's Band that thrilled us at many an entertainment? And Kate Keeley's athletic abilities? What about all those football and baseball players and little Teddy Hughes our once upon a time star basket ball player? All the good dancers, actors and actresses? From the class of 1908 to 1917 there are any number of friends whom, without effort, I remember and love today while I must convince myself that  $a \times b$  is ab.

WASHINGTON. That too was sadly changed. Recalling how impressed I always was at the sight of the Capitol, I was terribly taken back to be confronted by that unsightly row of "hotels." Washington used to be a town of leisure where one lived quietly and enjoyed living. A sense of refinement was over the whole town. But now, no one promenades F. Street about four o'clock. Autos rush back and forth. Trucks and delivery wagons are where you least expect them to be and even the people have that hurried and nervous look that you find in most large cities. As I remarked to a friend, "Washington is now, like New York, a mess of small shops." Any one who has been there before and since the war will understand what I mean.

In company with Miss Helen Waters, whose guest I was, we did the town. We went to Baltimore and spent a most pleasant day with our old and true friend, Mr. Harry Henning. It seemed like the old college days and several times, I caught myself thinking I must be back at the college by six o'clock.

The college was the same, and yet not the same. It seemed a world apart and it was hard to realize that I had really lived there for five years. First of all there was Doctor Hotchkiss to see. Every alumni who returns to college sees the Doctor first. Having seen him, and assured ourselves that he is the same old friend, we are content to go on to other friends, no less dear, but willing to wait the second greeting.

I did not visit any of the classes. Maybe, I was afraid to display my ignorance or lack of interest in studies. The real reason is that I am more interested in human beings than in books. I would rather talk with a person and watch the expressions on his face and see him struggle with his thoughts than spend the same time with a book.

Mrs. A. L. Roberts was not receiving that morning but she came up "out of the kitchen" and we had a grand confab. The enjoyment was added to by the presence of Miss Edith Nelson, '14 and Miss Etta Earsley '22, one of our Minnesota girls of whom we are justly proud.

Meeting the Minnesota students and talking to them of their work, made me feel that my own college days were not as far back as I would at times imagine them.

On all sides, I was urged to stay over. Much, as I wanted to, I could not do this for my plans were all made and it would have been very inconvenient to change them. In the light of after events, I am glad I did not stay, although, I appreciate the kindness of those friends who wished to have me do so.

At lunch with the Junior Girls and seated at the same table that Mary Burns (Mrs. Wilbur Gledhill) and I used to sit at, I was reminded of our daily morning remarks. Mary would come rushing into the dining room the last minute:—"How's the coffee, Fanny." If I said good, she would drink it regardless of how it really tasted. Since then, I have heard that

Mary was quite an authority on good coffee during her senior year so I feel my sampling it and informing her if it was good or not, was not wasted labor.

Before I went through the girl's dormitory, I felt sure I was going to envy them, all the comforts they had. But I didn't. I admired, to be sure, who could help that, for it is a well arranged and most comfortable building, but I did not envy. How could I when I recalled the days that three and four girls crowded into one room, kept half their clothes in their trunks because there was no room to hang them up and because of this close association became friends of a lifetime. Those were happy days and although, I am glad the present day college girl has her wonderful building with its gym and swimming pool, I would not exchange it for one month of the year that, Ham, Shem and I roomed in Number Fifteen with Miss Peet running in from her room across the hall with "left overs" from her parties, and Miss Marbut and Miss Jameson there to tell us when we made too much noise or sang "out of tune."

The basket ball game between the Buffs and Blues, was thrilling enough. The new system of yells doesn't speak well for the oral method, but no doubt the shoe makers nearby, make a fortune every winter.

There was the Frat Social, with many of my old friends in attendance. Many of them were pupils at the Kendall School. Was it possible, that they could be so grown up? Some of them, married with families? Sure, "the world do move" in spite of me. Some of their names had been forgotten but not the faces or the good times we had together. The Kendall School girls, lived in the same building with the College girls so I knew them quite well.

Thursday evening, Miss Edith Nelson invited me to dinner. While at the "teachers table" I was glad to sit with my back

to the college girls for I feared the temptation to peek out at them from the teacher's side, as I often used to peek at the teacher's from the student's side. It was pleasant to meet again Mr. and Mrs. Hooper and so many younger teachers so up to date in their work and so interested in it.

At Mr. Skyberg's home, where the Alumni meeting was held, I felt that I was out on special dispensation and when I returned to my room I would have to study extra hard to make up for this little dissipation. No one seemed changed. There were Dr. Hall and Mr. Day. Same in looks and manners as when I was a student. There were Mrs. Hall and Helen Hotchkiss, prettier than I ever remembered them to have been. I could go down on through the list of all those present, each one, I was glad to meet and hope to see again.

Friday, February 25th, carried me on to Newark. I think the porter had a hard time, keeping me on the train while it was pulling into the station. When it stopped, I jumped off with such force that I literally fell into Mrs. Runkle's (Mamie Sharp) arms. Afterwards, we remarked how strange it was that she should have been standing right there, the only one at the station and that I should have been the only one off. I can only pass over the next twenty minutes. You who have met old and loved friends will understand.

Saturday was our day, Mamie's and mine. In the evening a few friends called and took us to dinner and a movie. Thinking to find out all about me we went to see "Polly with a Past." Well, I'm thankful it's past.

Sunday, we attended St. Ann's Church. The disappointment at not seeing Rev. Kent preach was somewhat offset by meeting so many old and new friends and seeing again that dear little lady they honor me by saying I resemble, Mrs. Kent.

Later in the evening we went to the Strand Roof for dinner and I enjoyed the first cabaret show I have seen in years. My

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friends must have thought I am from the country when I so visibly enjoyed every song and dance and unconsciously ate some one else's salad.

Monday, I ventured forth alone to lose myself in New York. But I found Mr. Alex. Pach with no difficulty and made a date to have "me picture took." After a nice long visit with him and a trip to the roof of the building where I had a wonderful view of the city, I fared forth to the stores. I don't know whether I went north, south, east or west, but I met my friends at the Pennsylvania Hotel promptly, so I can pat myself on the back and say that getting lost in New York holds no terrors for me.

Afer dinner, we saw the movie "Way Down East," and it was splendid. The friend who took me kept calling my attention to all the very rural scenes and asking me if they did not make me homesick for Duluth. His enjoyment in kidding me was so great I had not the heart to tell him that Duluth is a thriving little city of 100,000 with streets paved way out where we live, which is pretty far.

Tuesday, we "did" the schools. At the Lexington Avenue School I was impressed with their ability to conduct so large a school in such small space. My interest was mainly in the little tots and I was surprised to see children three and four years old getting along so well away from home. Dr. Taylor very kindly invited us to lunch and while I enjoyed the lunch I know he enjoyed Mrs. Runkle's news of old Texas friends.

Dr. Nies, whose ability to work and succeed, I admire more than ever, very kindly took us over to the Fanwood School. I saw more of New York in that one drive and received more information about the city than I ever had before. Incidentally I saw more children there than I see in Duluth in a year. They were all over and everywhere.

At Fanwood, Dr. Gardner turned me over to Dr. Fox, who neglected his class to show me around. I know the class regretted this. Now, when you mention Fanwood I can bring to mind the buildings, the view of the Hudson, the parade grounds and on Monday morning when the *Deaf Mutes' Journal* arrives I can almost believe I see it being printed. What use to talk of buildings when there were people to meet, old friends to greet and little children to talk to. There was a nice long visit with Miss Teegarden and another with Mr. Iles who was a normal while I was at college. I am sorry not to have seen Miss Judge, but thinking to come back within a few days, we hurried to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Nies. There we had a little tea party and recalled pranks of our college days.

In the evening, we had dinner with Rev. and Mrs. Kent. And such a dinner. With such cooking as Mrs. Kent offers you, and such intellectual treats as the Reverend springs on you, you just can't help but enjoy yourself. Later, Mr. Pach showed up and I had quite a time trying to talk to every one I wanted to. Living in Newark, as we were, we felt obliged to leave quite early, but there was no regret on that score for I was going back on Friday to stay over until Saturday evening. Then I was going to have a real visit with the Kents and come home able to say I knew them as well as my husband did.

But so much for all my plans. The next day, I hurriedly packed and made the home trip, saddened by the loss of my father but comforted in the sympathy of many friends and the memories of a short but most pleasant trip.

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The British Deaf Times,  
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## John O. Reichle



JOHN O. REICHLE

PHOTO BY BUSHNELL

John Oliver Reichle was born in Switzerland in 1879. Carelessness in a cousin resulted in a fall when he was one and a half years old, which lost him his hearing. His parents moved to South Dakota where they homesteaded, till he was twelve, when they moved to Oregon. He spent six terms in the state school under Superintendents Irving, Knight and Early. The spirit of adventure and wanderlust impelled him to two escapes from school restraint. A schoolmate and he got on the wagon bound from the school to the penitentiary, at the gate of which they slipped off and walked to the Portland boat. The intent was to work their way to far off Australia, engage in gold mining, become fabulously rich and return bedecked in finery of raiment, gold, silver and precious stones to dazzle their bejailed servile acquaintances and win the heart of the fair maiden. The smooth easy glide down the stream of life, the Willamette River, enthused them, and blind to the warning head shakes of a deck-hand, they stepped out on the wharf eager, blitheful, hopeful. But the awful monstrous majesty of law in two cops barred their way, and they spent the night in the city jail. Their free sign talk betrayed them. The superintendent had telephoned ahead after the boat captain had refused to stop to have them taken off. Late at night they were taken back and woke at the school in the morning sadder but wiser. A hike at another time was cut short not far from the school. It was the same enchantment of distance. He has been a prosaic cabinet maker since. In 1903 he married Mina M. Murton, and they have had a girl who is dead and two boys who are boys all right. One boy is studying music, fostering an aspiration to enter a booming brass band. He has been president of the Portland Society of the Deaf, secretary three times of the Portland Division No. 41 of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, deputy and state organizer for the Frats and the Nad and members of the Executive committee of the Nad in 1910-1913. He was delegate to the Colorado Springs convention of the Nad. In early life he was a member of the Baptist Church, of which his father was a minister, and of which one brother is a pastor at Calfax, Washington. Later he withdrew and joined the United Presbyterian Church of the Strang-

ers, in which he has been an elder for several terms. T. O. Reichle, one brother, is state secretary of the Fraternal Order of the Eagles. He first suggested that plans be made to bring the N. F. S. D. Convention to Portland in 1924 or 1925 and is working to that end. He has been elected secretary-treasurer of the organization committee of the projected state association of the deaf. His influence in Portland has always been for the moral and physical welfare of the deaf. His pastor has contributed a commendatory sketch of him, to a leading Portland newspaper. He walks to his work. His careful habit of looking round for vehicles at street crossings, one early morning brought him into suspicion and a young cop followed him. As he made his way carefully in the dim light into the factory, he was halted, and the sight of the gun and the cop elevated his hands. The frisk brought to light the vacuum bottle of coffee in the hip pocket, and pad and pencil convinced the blue coat appearances really deceive. J. O. Reichle is earnest and serious in his activities, and Portland and the west bespeak for him a cordial reception at the Atlanta convention of the N. F. S. D. to which he is the local delegate.

THEODORE C. MUELLER.

Office Boy: The editor says he's much obliged to you for allowing him to see your drawings but regrets he is unable to use them.

Artist (eagerly):- Did he say that?

Office Boy (truthfully): Well, not exactly. He said "take em away, they make me sick."

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# In the World of the Deaf

Compiled by Ada Studt

The deaf ladies of Cincinnati, through their aid society, by various entertainments recently cleared \$609 for the Ohio Home for the aged and infirm deaf.—*Silent Hoosier*.

Mr. John L. Heinzeman of Omaha, aged 72 and his wife 63 celebrated their 45th wedding anniversary recently. They were married by the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet in New York City.—*Hawkeye*.

After several years of employment as canal lock tender by the State, Mr. Edwin A. VanDyke, of Boonville, N. Y., has resigned and accepted a position as night watchman at the Boonville Mineral Bottling Works.—*Rome Register*.

Any deaf man who is not afraid of hard work and wishes to secure work on a farm is advised to write to Magnus Johnson, Gull Lake, Sask., Canada. Mr. Johnson can use a man in May and during the harvests.—*Echo*.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schoneman have gone to Jacksonville, Ill., where the former will take the position of attendant in the State School for the Deaf. Their many friends express regret over the sudden departure from Akron, but wish them success.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

The Silent Club of Sioux City is a strong and growing organization of intelligent and wide-awake deaf people. Under its present management, we think it will be a power for good among the deaf people of Iowa, and its influence will spread to other states.—*Hawkeye*.

A number of leading firms of architects in St. Louis and elsewhere competed in a plan for a new bank building, to be erected in East St. Louis. The firm with which Mr. Arthur O. Steidemann is connected submitted the winning plans, mainly, if not entirely, the brain fruit of Mr. Steidemann.

Gilbert Carman had to lay off from his job as carpenter with the McDiarmid Construction Co. when some of the employees were stricken with smallpox. Gilbert is now firing passenger engines between Russell, Man. and Winnipeg. It is the first instance we have heard of a deaf man employed on a passenger locomotive.—*Echo*, WINNIPEG, CANADA.

A splendid performance was given by the Three Arts Club at Goodyear Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 11. Miss Florence Nesbitt, who is stenographer at Goodyear office, danced in a Spanish costume cleverly, according to program. The young lady received her education at the State School for the Deaf at Columbus several years ago.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

Noah Downes, the well-known all-around local athlete, has signed a contract to play baseball this coming season with the Frederick Hustlers of the Blue Ridge League. At present he is playing baseball with the Y. M. C. A. team and is one

of the star performers. His floor work is depended upon in all of the games.—*Maryland Bulletin*.

Mr. Arthur Hoffmaster recently sold his property along Ballenger Road and purchased a farm of 97 acres about two and a half miles north of the city. The price paid for the farm is said to be \$23,000, a pretty steep one to be sure, but the character of the farm-land and the buildings which are in excellent condition are worth it. Mr. Hoffmaster is to make a speciality of the dairy business.—*Maryland Bulletin*.

Emery Horn is a youth of pep and persistence. There are many silents here, and elsewhere, who have fine ideas, but few of them have the grit to try and carry their ideals beyond the "talk" stage. Horn has been making nice pin money by writing and laying out advertisements for local firms in spare time, receiving \$15 for a regulation size magazine page. He is a crack ad compositor at the Sundscho Ad. Agency.—*Chicago Correspondent in Deaf Mutes' Journal*.

Mr. Murcier Warnier, a Belgian of much refinement and education, is our latest acquisition. He is a native of Namur, Belgium, a place that made history during the late war. Here he was educated, later going to Paris, France, to further his education. Coming to America last August he settled in New York for a while, then went to Montreal, later drifted to Winnipeg and finally shifted to Toronto. He is a printer and can speak several languages though yet hardly out of his teens. We welcome him.—*Canadian*.

Dr. J. H. Cloud has been invited to lecture at the Illinois State School for the Deaf, under the Auspices of the Young America Literary Society and for the benefit of the Illinois Home Fund, on the evening of March 5th. Some thirty-three years ago while instructor in gymnastics at the Illinois School, Dr. Cloud founded the Young America Literary Society, gave it its name, and was its first president. Later on he started the Illinois Home, projected and contributed the first dollar to the Home Fund. He also started the Missouri Home project and donated the first dollar to the fund.

*Silent Facts*, which was up to the present the organ of the Nebraska Association of the Deaf, has been moved from Omaha to Sioux City and converted into a national paper for the deaf. Messrs. P. E. Seeley and P. L. Axling, old printers and newspaper men, are fathering the venture. Another national paper for the deaf was to appear in New York about this time. What has become of it? We hope that both these ventures may prove a success and do good work, but there have been so many attempts and failures in the sea of journalism for the deaf that the prospects for these two are not very bright.—*Deaf Oklahoman*.

Claude Schooley, one of our former

Minnesota boys, is now located in Sioux City, Iowa. For years he has been employed in a fountain pen factory there, and he occupies the responsible position of foreman. An automatic machine has recently been installed, which bores, shapes, and cuts the barrels and makes the screw threads at one operation. It is a very complicated machine, and Claude is the only one who can run it. There are several devices in the factory for finishing and polishing the pens that were devised and made by Claude himself. He married Geneva Rogers, a Minnesota girl, and they have a cosy home in the outskirts of Sioux City and two fine boys. Dr. Smith had the pleasure of taking dinner with them on New Year's Day. We congratulate Claude upon the success he is making of life, and the school has reason to be proud of him.

It may not be generally known that Shreveport, La., is the home town of three former Mississippians: Mrs. Lulu Merchant Sims, Mrs. Katie Johnson Byrd and Walter Williams. Mrs. Sims' husband, a product of the Kentucky School, is one of the oldest linotype operators in that city. Mr. Williams is a carpenter and bricklayer and has a home of his own out in a suburb of the North Louisiana metropolis, Cedar Grove by name. Mr. and Mrs. Williams are the proud parents of four grown children. One son, now seventeen years old, is a member of the U. S. navy and is away in China. Mr. Williams prides himself upon having been a member of the N. F. S. D., the past sixteen years. Mention has been made of Mrs. Byrd's husband being a product of the Louisiana School. He is a steady workman at a large door and sash factory.—*Deaf Mississippian*.

We had a visit last week from a former pupil, Mr. John Reed, of Saunders, Gallatin county. He is a farmer, and tells us that the last year has been a prosperous one for him. He sold his tobacco for a good price, in spite of the big slump in values of the crop all over the state. He raised a fine crop of corn and other staples, and his farm is well stocked with cattle, hogs, chickens, etc. He milks several cows and gets a comfortable check every week from a Cincinnati Produce Co; for the butter, and milk, and for the big baskets of eggs he has to sell. He raises practically everything consumed on the place, except a few groceries, and is accumulating a comfortable bank account. He bought his farm several years before the war, and has been offered four times as he paid, but after investigating the prices at which he could buy elsewhere has refused to sell.

Mr. Reed did not finish the course here, and is a pretty busy man, but he has all along taken some time for self improvement. He has a library and manages to read a good many books at odd times. Altogether, he is an intelligent, progressive, successful man whom the school is proud to claim as a former student.—*Kentucky Star*.



The following is taken from the *Los Angeles Times* of February 4:—

All our kind hearted stars have some fad or other in the way of a generous stunt which they perform now and then. Some sing for wounded soldiers; others adopt Belgian orphans, but it remains for that clever Helen Menken, playing in "Three Wise Fools" at the Mason this week, to do the most unique stunt of all. And moreover there's a basic reason why she prefers this mode of kind-hearted action.

Not to prolong the suspense, Miss Menken during her tour of the country, and also while she was playing "Three Wise Fools" in New York, made it a practice to visit deaf and dumb schools and asylums. Not only this, she converses with the members in the sign language.

Miss Menken's father and mother are deaf mutes. So she has never known what it is to get a scolding. You can also see for yourself, judging from the kind of girl she has turned out to be, that it isn't necessary to scold children.

Miss Menken's father is Frederick Menken, of New York, especially noted for the fact that he puts on plays with deaf and dumb actors for the deaf and dumb theatergoers.

While in this city Miss Menken hopes to visit the school for the deaf located here, and to have with the children what stands for a jolly chat in deaf-and-dumb land.

John Vig, who is holding down a goodly bit of real estate up at Lengby, Minn., has sent us a check for two years' subscription to *THE COMPANION* and a consignment of alphabet cards. In his letter, he gives an interesting account of himself and his doings. He has a seven room house (Too big for one person, John!), a 32 by 17 barn, and a 30 by 16 granary. He has four horses, a cow, and 35 chickens. This winter he has been hauling wood and posts, and has made from \$18 to \$24 daily, making two trips to town six and a half miles away. He has a new sawing outfit, and will need a good, strong hired man next winter. He has about 600 cords of poplar timber standing. He still holds 540 bushels of wheat and rye, hoping for a better price in the spring. He has been alone all winter, and expects to be alone till next summer. Last fall, Oscar and Levi Larson with their wives saw John at his farm for a short time while they were on their way to Mahanomen. They talked California to John, but he has had enough experience in Montana, and thinks Minnesota is the best place in the world. John's brother Carl sold his farm near John's last fall, and is now a business man in Foston. John says that a Norwegian rancher tried his farm out in Montana, but made nothing on it. John says he will stick to Minnesota and win. He expects to get an auto sometime. He went hunting in the neighborhood of the State Park, but failed to get any deer. He will try again next fall. He is doubtful if he can attend the convention here next summer. In closing his letter he says, "The world extends the glad hand to the successful man, and hands it to the unfortunate."—*Minnesota Companion*.

It is a pleasure to have a glimpse into the quite but happy home of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Clark who are living on their farm in Alpine, N. Y. They live up in the hills whence they can look down into the valley and command a panoramic view of the beautiful landscape for which the country of the Finger Lakes is noted. Mr. Otis is a mechanical genius and has installed a gasoline motor, by means of which he has several ingenious devices for

threshing grain, cutting wood, washing clothes, churning and other purposes, with the result that much of the farm routine is reduced to a labor saving system. Mr. Mrs. Clark have three children, of whom they are exceedingly proud. Adelia, five years old, goes to the district school where she is making excellent progress. Alfred is rather large for his age, and is keenly interested in what is going on around him. Otis, born last February, is a lovable baby and has already learned to say "kitty." The farm crops were abundant, and consequently the Clarks are well provided with vegetables, fruits and fresh pork. Mrs. Clark is justly proud of her management of the poultry work. During the year 1918-1919 sixty hens laid 6,129 eggs in nine months, which yielded the tidy amount of \$222.87. She plans to make this a still better year with the hens. She is a member of the Women's Institute of Scranton, Pa., and receives instruction papers in drafting patterns, in laces, silks and embroidery. Mr. Clark is busy on his farm which may be imagined as a model of successful farm management for a deaf man.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark are well contented with the simple life on their farm, enjoying the conveniences of their well appointed home and the scenery which fully compensates for the isolation of their place in the hills. They also participate freely in the social life of the neighborhood.—*Rochester Advocate*.

The state police of Montana are loud in their praise of a certain deaf man for his foresight and coolness in assisting them to run to earth two notorious highwaymen. Here is how it happened. A young Wyoming deaf man who had been to a party was escorting a young lady home. As her home was some distance away they decided to cut through a lonely and less traversed back street in order to save time. Hardly had they got far up this "blind Alley" when an automobile overtook them. Two masked robbers got out and pointing revolvers at their heads, demanded their money. Quickly realizing their predicament and knowing what was wanted the deaf couple held up their hands. Lucky for them, however, they had nothing more than a little silver. Disgusted at the amount they got for their pains the bandits were about to depart when one of them said something to the deaf boy which the latter could not make out, but being able to speak quite plainly asked the robber to kindly make known his wants in writing, as he could not understand what they wanted. Hesitating a moment as if reflecting on something, the robber quickly pulled from his inner pocket, what seemed to be a slip of paper and hastily wrote out "Don't you make a scream or we'll shoot you." Taking the paper in his hand the deaf man quickly scanned the writing and then gave an assenting nod, the robbers made off as quickly as they came and were soon out of sight. Slipping the note in his pocket the deaf man escorted his now badly scared lady friend safely home, and then made for his own home. Next morning he happened to look over the note which the robber had handed him, once more. To his astonishment it was a used letter which one of the bandits had sent to his pal, giving every information as to how good goods could be stolen and the place of their lair. This note was handed to the police and it was not long ere those two daring bandits found themselves within the prehensile arm of the law, pondering over how quickly and unexpectedly they were apprehended.—*Canadian*.

#### LON CHANEY.

Lon Chaney, character actor, who first came into prominence through his work in "The Miracle Man," is to be featured in stories especially selected to give him free play to his special gift. Chaney's portrayal of the legless villain in "The Penalty," just released, has brought the chance to the actor to become a star. He is to receive hereafter a salary of \$75,000 a year, whereas, only a year or two ago, he was satisfied with about \$3,000 annually.

A bit of personal history adds interest of the actor's rise. One probable reason Mr. Chaney has such remarkable power of facial expression is that both his parents were mutes. From infancy he resorted to pantomime as the best means of making his wants known to them. His maternal grandmother's three children were all mutes, and it was through her efforts that the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Colorado Springs was established.—*Missouri Record*.

#### A DEAF DANCER.

Marvel, a deaf dancer, appeared at the Orpheum in Omaha sometime ago, playing with the Kitty Gordon Company. On the bill he is described as "The Dancing Phenomenon."

Marvel has been on the stage for over twelve years and does specialty dancing, and the way he makes his legs and feet behave under him is really marvellous. In his first appearance he is dressed somewhat as "Pierrot" and after making a few pantomimic signs goes thru a number of unusual terpsichorean manoeuvres. He appears again in a Russian costume and goes thru a series of steps more complicated and difficult. His acts are much applauded and appear to please the audience which is informed from the stage that he is deaf and keeps step with the accompanying music by feeling the vibrations.

Off the stage Marvel is Mr. Louis Weinberg of New York. He attended the Lexington Avenue School. He is lithe and agile in appearance, good looking and a very pleasant fellow to meet.

—*Hawkeye*.

#### REDMOND AND CHARLIE CHAPLIN

The way Redmond and Chaplin became friends is told as follows:

Struck with the beauty of a sketch that Redmond was making near Hollywood some months ago, Charlie Chaplin became interested in the artist and his work and offered him an atelier in his new studio, the "English Village." A bond of sympathy and understanding seems to have drawn together the slender little man, king of fun makers, and the robust and silent painter. Chaplin is collecting Redmond pictures for his private collection. There is no business relation between the artist of the canvas and the artist of the cinema—only that of mutual appreciation and admiration.

When Chaplin wants to rest he goes where he is sure that he will get it—away from the fuss and babble of human tongues—directly to the quarters of his peaceful deaf-mute friend. There he will sit for hours, watching the artist, enjoying the silence unbroken even when they talk; and wondering always at the artist's power to paint joyfulness and happiness into his pictures. One painting which Chaplin likes particularly is called "Low Tide."

Of it, he says, "I could look at it for hours: it means so many things." Up to a short time ago the walls of Chaplin's den were adorned with the pictures of film celebrities. Now they have all been removed so as not to mar the effect of a single great canvas which the comedian asked Redmond to place over his mantel.

Meanwhile Chaplin learned the sign language, along with natural signs and the finger alphabet. Although Chaplin writes his own plays, never willing to consider or to accept the ideas of other writers, yet he and Redmond are one of accord whenever they make comments in the making up of the film plays; he is thankful for any crumb of judicious approval or disapproval signed by Redmond.

It is understood that Redmond has taken part in Chaplin's new play "The Kid," which will appear on the screen.—Itemizer in California News.

#### AIDS HER DEAF SISTER.

True sisterly devotion, plus a peck of perseverance, enabled Cyrel Cuthman, 18, and totally deaf since babyhood, and Ethel, 16, to graduate together at the top of their class in three and a half years instead of the customary four.

Losing her hearing in an accident during her infancy, Cyrel passed her grammar school days at an institution for the deaf. There she learned lip reading.

Her sister Ethel, 22 months younger, was the little deaf girl's constant companion outside of school hours. When Ethel entered high school she determined to have her sister with her.

"I'll be your ears," promised Ethel. "Come to my high school with me."

The promise was faithfully kept. The sisters took the same studies, and when Cyrel was unable to read the teacher's lips Ethel interpreted the instructions for her. Frequently they were permitted to occupy one seat in the class. Sometimes Ethel recited for her sister.

In some classes Cyrel wrote the answers to her questions. Her written work and examinations were so well done that she graduated with an average of 92 plus. Only her sister Ethel, who was school valedictorian, with an average of 94 plus, and Dorothy d'Andrea, whose average of was 93 plus, were ahead of her.

Ethel won the school scholarship to the University of Chicago and hopes to attend college in the fall.

In addition to their excellent work in their studies both girls were active in school affairs.

The sisters are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Guthman, 957 West Madison street.—Chicago Post.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US

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JAMES M. STEWART, and  
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The first thing noticeable about it, is the fineness of the boys tinned out by your office, and your school is right to show pride by recording such a fact.  
DOUGLAS TILDEN.

DEAR EDITOR:—Once more it is your right to my dollar for the continuance of your WORKER. The last one is fine indeed. I was calling on W. L. Hill sometime ago and he praised your paper skyward.  
LIZZIE A. DOUGLAS,  
Gardner, Mass.

Judging by the make-up of the school

papers, one would come to the conclusion that the New Jersey School has the best equipped printing office. It has six linotypes to keep the type fresh and warm for the readers of the *Silent Worker*. It does photo-engraving on a large scale, as each issue of the magazine is well illustrated.—The North Dakota Banner.

Say, doesn't the SILENT WORKER seem bigger and better with every number? At that rate, wonder what sort of a magazine it's going to be by and by, especially if it had more regular California contributors as brilliant and sincere as our one and only "regular" of whom we are justly proud.

WILDEY MEYERS,  
California.

I must hand it to you all that you are turning out a splendid magazine and I see no reason why it should not be in every home of the deaf. I have shown THE SILENT WORKER to a number of my deaf friends and they speak highly of it. A good many of them are in notion of getting on your mailing list.

JOHN VESTAL  
Burlington, N. C.

With unfeigned pleasure THE BUFF AND BLUE calls attention to the October issue of the *Silent Worker*. One of the features of this issue is the well written article—From the October Number of the College from the pen of Dr. Hotchkiss. A beautiful full page engraving of Dr. Gallaudet, and excellent cuts of Dr. Gallaudet, Amos Kendall, President Hall, and Dr. Hotchkiss accompany the article on the advantages of Gallaudet Bluff and Blue.

The Wisconsin Times can't be accused of luke-warmness in the matter of advocating the use of the manual alphabet method as opposed to the oral. On page six, in the issue of November ninth, they ran a full page cut of the alphabet, 10 by 13 inches, and at the top of page seven they ran a duplicate, 4 by 5, of the same plate. But, typographically, the Wisconsin and Missouri papers are rapidly approaching the standard set by the *Silent Worker* for high class job work and general excellence. The instructors in those three shops must be peaches of the first water!—Washingtonian.

"Mr. Poster," said the proprietor, calling in his chief bookkeeper, "I have been watching your work for the last year." "I hope it has been satisfactory, sir?" "It has been very satisfactory. I propose to make you a partner in the business." "Make me a partner, sir?" "Yes." "Couldn't you reduce my wages and let it go at that?"—Ex.

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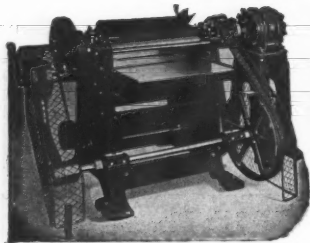
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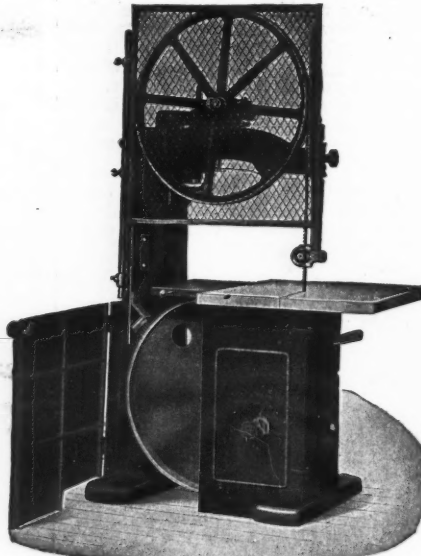


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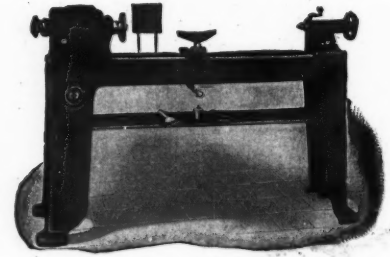
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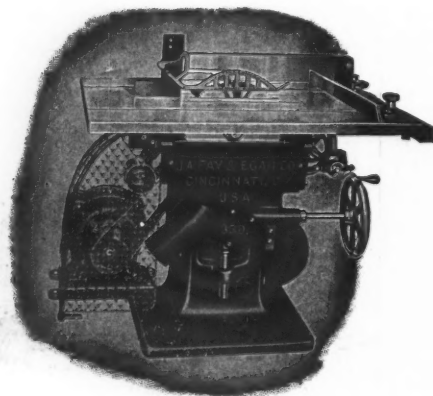
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